

My Body Craves Your Warmth by Anonymous

Series: [Turn Your Back On Mother Nature \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alpha/Alpha/Omega, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Blow Jobs, Cuddling & Snuggling, Cunnilingus, First Time Blow Jobs, Frottage, Hand Feeding, Hand Jobs, Intercrural Sex, Knotting, Masturbation, Multi, Scenting, Sharing a Bed, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, the kids will make an appearance at some point im just too lazy to tag them, the whole shebang, when they actually show up I'll list them

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

Everything's going great. He can finally be around Nancy and Jonathan without feeling like he can't breath because it hurts so much to see them together and they're- friends, the three of them. Steve can handle this, can pack away everything he feels and put it aside when he hangs out with them. Except now he can't, because Nancy came to him when she presented, and not Jonathan. He's fucked everything up again, just by being around, and he think's it's only right he keeps his distance this time.

Jonathan and Nancy don't seem to agree.

or

The one where you can't argue with biology, and sometimes you don't want to.

1. Body Language

It's supposed to be a normal fucking Tuesday when Nancy stumbles into the locker room, eyes glassy and hair soaked through with rut-sweat. Kids presenting during school isn't out of the ordinary, but most of them make it to the nurse's office to wait until someone can come get them or just drive themselves home when it's an option. Nancy looks like her rut hit her like a freight train and Steve is distantly glad that he waits until most of the other guys are finished showering because the locker room is mostly empty. Presenting is embarrassing enough as it is, she doesn't need a ton of dumb guys mocking her for it after (something in him cringes at the fact that if it had been a year ago and if it hadn't been Nancy, he probably would have been one of them). He doesn't think Nancy would care, though, because not even the omega edging his way around her to get out the door draws her focus.

Instead, she meets his eyes and lets out an honest to God whine, like she's starving and he's the last cookie at the picnic and before he can really think through if that's how the saying goes, all one hundred and fifteen pounds of her is slamming into him and knocking him back into the lockers. She's up and on his lap before he can process what's happening (and his head slamming back into the lockers probably isn't helping), wet tongue full-on *lapping* at his neck and her little body burning like a brand against him. Nancy must really be deep into it; she used to refuse to blow him unless he took a shower after practice and now her mouth is following the droplets of sweat dripping down from his hair like she can't get enough.

For a second, Steve thinks maybe this is just an incredibly vivid wet dream. It's not like he hasn't jerked off to the idea of Nancy showing up one day and deciding she wants him *right then* before. (He's felt guilty about it every time since they broke up, but not really guilty enough to stop). But her presenting had never factored into the particular fantasy, because he was a beta and it didn't matter that she was still undesignated. All he can smell are her rut pheromones, like a flood of gun smoke and cinnamon that burns through his awareness, and her hands are gripping at his arms a little too hard to be arousing. His hands are still pressed flat against the lockers on

either side of him, because he might occasionally think about her leaving Jonathan and coming back to him, but he's not enough of a douche to take advantage of her rut-drunk state.

He's so worried about trying to figure out how to salvage the shredded remains of what ever friendship he might have had with Nancy and Jonathan (and Jesus, it's going to suck not being able to talk to either of them when he doesn't really have any friends outside of them) that he doesn't notice the locker room door slamming open. He does, however, notice the sudden absence of Nancy's weight on his lap and the rush of cool air when they're separated.

The school nurse is a somewhat terrifying omega woman who reminds Steve of Joyce Byers in demeanor and absolutely nothing else. Right now, she has one arm around Nancy's waist, keeping her feet a couple inches off the ground even as Nancy snarls and tries to *bite* her as she struggles. The nurse gets her other hand around the nape of Nancy's neck, scruffing her like moms do to little kids, and Nancy goes lax in her arms almost immediately.

"You should call someone to come take your girl home now, she broke out of my office once and she'll do it again if I try to keep her there the rest of the day," the nurse says, and her tone falls somewhere between chastising and sympathetic as she takes in his disheveled state. Nancy's body is mostly dead weight, but her eyes are still locked on him as the nurse readjusts her.

"She's not my girl," he replies almost automatically, and want to hit himself for how pathetic it sounds. He clears his throat before adding, "she has a- Jonathan, he should probably take her home, I'm not- we aren't together anymore."

He's stumbling over his explanation, and the nurse is looking at him like he's an idiot and also like she pities him and Steve kind of wants to die. It doesn't help that he's still painfully hard in his gym shorts.

"My office is on the other side of the school. She didn't come all this way in rut for nothing," the nurse says before hauling a weakly struggling Nancy out of the boys locker room. *It's bullshit*, he hears in Nancy's voice, and laughs without any humor. People do dumb shit when they present, he reminds himself, Nancy seeking him out

doesn't mean anything. Shit, he's a beta for God's sake. It doesn't matter anyway, he thinks, as he stands, strips off his shirt and heads to the showers. Nancy chose Jonathan, and now she's an alpha and when the rut's cleared away, she's going to regret dry-humping him in the boys locker room and never talk to him again.

The shower is hot for once, the advantage of taking one halfway through next period, and since he already feels like shit, Steve mentally shrugs, conjures back up the feeling of Nancy's mouth burning on his neck and her damp panties under her skirt against his thigh, and wraps his hand against his cock. Might as well feel like shit after an orgasm.

Jonathan's car is parked next to his when he finally gets out of practice. A phantom ache starts up on his left cheek, and really, it's depressing how soon after his last beating healed that he's going to get another one. At least he kind of deserves this one, he thinks, and wonders if he should bother with pretending to fight back or just let Jonathan go until he's done. He might as well just let him wail for a while, it's not like there's anyone around to try and keep up his reputation for (and really, what reputation does he have anymore. He's never actually won a fight). Jonathan doesn't have that unnatural Alpha strength that Billy did, fortunately, so he should at least still be able to drive himself and Dustin home (or maybe Dustin should go with Jonathan, Steve barely got the kids back to the Byers' house last time he drove after someone punched him. Yeah, it's probably safer if the little shit doesn't ride with him after this. Or if he'd even want to after watching Steve get his ass beat again. He's not even going to get into how much his life must suck if he's honestly upset about losing the minimal respect he has from a fucking middle schooler).

Except Jonathan doesn't hit him. Jonathan doesn't even really meet his eyes, just kind of looks just to the left of him as he mumbles out something that sounds suspiciously like a friendly greeting. Overall it's a pretty average interaction, and the sheer normality of it leaves Steve reeling. The silence stretches on as they both wait for their respective AV club member, and finally Steve can't take it any longer.

"I didn't touch her," is what he finally blurts out, and immediately

kicks himself for it. Because that definitely sounds like he *did* touch Nancy, and maybe they were technically *touching* because she was on his lap but he didn't *touch her* and-

"I know." Jonathan's voice is quiet and self-assured in that way it usually is, but when Steve looks over he mostly just looks sad in a distant kind of way. "You're a good guy, Steve. I know it wasn't your fault."

Jonathan's hand falls on Steve's shoulder as he moves to unlock the doors of his car. He squeezes once, and his fingers trail over Steve's neck as he lets it drop. And fuck if that doesn't make a confusing shiver go up his spine.

He doesn't have much time to piece that reaction out, though, because the little dipshits are on their way over, and he watches as Jonathan waves Mike over before he can get too far (and of course Mike can't go home, it's really for the best Nancy picked Jonathan because Steve never would have thought of that), and ducks into his car before he starts overthinking again. The passenger side door opens, and Dustin climbs in with a flurry of motion and curls.

"Why do you smell like Nancy?" Before Steve can even respond, the little asshole's face is lightening up, "Holy shit, did you guys get back together? That's awesome! Wait, what about Jonath-" Steve reaches over without taking his eye off the road and knocks Dustin's hat off over his face. It's not the most eloquent rebuttal, but it gets Dustin pissed enough to complain about Steve instead continuing to talk about Nancy and Jonathan.

Which is good because *Steve* doesn't want to talk about Nancy and Jonathan. Or think about Nancy and Jonathan. Or think about Nancy and Jonathan and how they could be sharing Nancy's rut tonight.

Except, after he's dropped Dustin off and gone home and eaten dinner and pretended to give a shit about his homework, and he's laying in the privacy of his bedroom with his boxers somewhere on the floor near his bed and his cock in hand, he *does* think about it.

He thinks about Nancy holding Jonathan down and riding him, that way she probably would when Jonathan presents (because the two of them are *meant-to-be* in the way Steve used to think he and Nancy were *meant-to-be*, and if Nancy's an Alpha than it's only a matter of time until Jonathan presents Omega). He thinks about how the two of them must smell together (he knows how Nancy smells now and wonders if Jonathan's scent would compliment hers, thinks maybe he'll smell woodsy and fresh like Omegas are supposed to), and confusingly, thinks about what it would be like to have both of them hold *him* down, thinks about Nancy's mouth on his neck and wonders if she'd bite down outside of rut like she almost did earlier in the day. And, as he thumbs over the slit of his cock and feels another dribble of precum leak down onto his balls, he thinks about what it would be like to have Jonathan *inside him*. He comes with a jolt, cum pooling on his stomach as he tries to catch his breath.

He's not supposed to think about any of that. Nancy and Jonathan are his friends and they're dating and most importantly, he's a beta. He's not supposed to want those things. He's supposed to find a nice beta girl and settle down and maybe have kids and live out boring normal life. Yeah, he's a teenager and he thinks with his dick most of the time, but he's not supposed to think *like that*. About things he can't have (things he shouldn't want to have).

What he can (and does) think, though, is that he's completely and totally *fucked*.

Notes for the Chapter:

comments appreciated as always!

2. Cherry Bomb

Summary for the Chapter:

He tries to ignore the little twinge he gets every time he noses up her neck and catches Steve's scent, because they agreed to forget about it. When he'd showed up at the nurse's office to take Nancy home, she'd been practically covered in it and his first gross instinct had been to go and- fight Steve or something. But Nancy had looked so damn ashamed and apologetic that he just sighed and bundled her into his car. He's not mad, exactly, just disappointed that she hadn't come to him first. It's hard to talk about how 'innate attraction' is bullshit when his girlfriend currently still smells like Steve Harrington, a scent that refuses to fully go away no matter how hot and heavy they get.

Notes for the Chapter:

a little more porn in this chapter. also i know i said updates wouldn't come this fast but i really wanted to get this chapter out and i had a lot of free time today.

the italics section is a flashback

Steve's avoiding them, Jonathan realizes, after watching Steve not-so subtly turn around midway down the hall and walk the other way when he sees them. Which makes sense, in a weird way. Nancy came back to school a week ago, and ever since that afternoon out by their cars, Jonathan's hardly seen Steve except in passing. Now that Nancy's back, he's barely even seen him then. Nancy, when he tells her, sighs.

"I think he feels like he did something wrong, and he's trying to make up for it by running away from us." The lighting in the dark room makes it hard to see her face, but she sounds frustrated. And yeah, her theory makes a lot of sense. After all, Hopper had to stop Steve

from trying to walk home after they closed the gate because he thought he was *in the way*. A year ago he would have scoffed at the suggestion, but he's come to realize that Steve is the most self-berating person he's ever met. Apparently, he's decided now to put his effort into giving Nancy and Jonathan as much space as possible.

He should be grateful, but it makes him sad in a way. He misses Steve, even though he never would have guessed that. They weren't the closest, but Steve used to wait with him after school for the kids, bumming cigarettes off each other and waiting in the kind of calm quiet Jonathan didn't think Steve was capable of.

Nancy misses him too, and maybe he should be upset that his girlfriend wants to hang out with her ex, but Jonathan kind of wants to hang out with him too. And besides, it's not like he's really hung up about Nancy going after Steve when she presented anymore.

They're parked on the side of Mirkwood, which is stupid and probably illegal, he knows, and Hopper's going to kick his ass if he finds out, but Nancy's straddled over his lap and biting at his jaw, and Jonathan's finding it hard to care, really. He's supposed to be driving her home (and he is, really) but whatever lull she'd had in her rut ended a couple minutes after he'd started driving and he'd pulled the car over as soon as possible once she'd reached over to palm him through his jeans. The car's currently flooded her heady rut scent as her hips roll down on his almost constantly. She's practically dripping, her wetness soaking through his jeans through her panties. And, Jesus, he can barely comprehend how hot that is.

He tries to ignore the little twinge he gets every time he noses up her neck and catches Steve's scent, because they agreed to forget about it. When he'd showed up at the nurse's office to take Nancy home, she'd been practically covered in it and his first gross instinct had been to go and fight Steve or something. But Nancy had looked so damn ashamed and apologetic that he just sighed and bundled her into his car. He's not mad, exactly, just disappointed that she hadn't come to him first. It's hard to talk about how 'innate attraction' is bullshit when his girlfriend currently still smells like Steve Harrington, a scent that refuses to fully go away no

matter how hot and heavy they get.

Nancy growls at him, annoyed at his lack of attention, before tilting his head back so she can bite at his mouth, licking her way inside and making pleased little noises when Jonathan refocuses on her. He gets a hand between them, nudging her panties aside so he can slide two fingers inside her. The easy glide of it make him shudder. They've had sex before, had sex in his car before even, but she's never been this wet. For a moment, he considers just shoving his jeans and underwear down and letting her ride him like she so obviously wants to, but he doesn't keep condoms in his car (and they made an agreement after that first time that pulling out definitely wasn't an option anymore) and he honestly doesn't know that much about alpha women's biology to feel comfortable enough risking it. Instead he just works a third finger into her and rubs tight, little circles over her clit with his thumb until she comes. She clenches down on him with a force he doesn't expect, teeth dully biting at his shoulder through his t-shirt. She blinks at him as he carefully removes his fingers, and Jonathan thinks it might be the first time she's been fully aware all day.

"Hey," he says softly, stroking his clean hand over her face as she catches her breath. He flounders, looking for something to wipe his other hands off with before just rubbing it against his shirt. He's going to have to change before picking Will up anyway.

"Hi," she replies, just as quiet and she leans into him for a moment before gingerly moving off of his lap and back into her own seat. He knows that this is just another lull, but he's a little relieved to see her somewhat back to herself before he has to drop her off. "Sorry about... everything."

Nancy looks sheepishly down at his lap, jeans blotchy with wetness and cock still pressing rather painfully against his zipper. Jonathan presses the heel of his palm down on himself, waving off her apology as they both buckle back up and he puts the car into gear. The rest of the drive to her house is peacefully quiet, the windows cracked even with the lingering winter chill in the air. His car's going to smell like her rut for weeks at this point. When he pulls up in her driveway, she leans over to kiss him again, pulling back to murmur an 'I love you' against his lips. He catches another hint of Steve's scent clinging to her skin, but realizes with a start that he doesn't really care.

Fuck 'innate attraction', he thinks as she turns around to give him a little

wave before shutting her front door behind her. Nancy Wheeler chose him.

Jonathan corners Steve after school at Nancy's request. Besides looking panicked and stressed over having no way to avoid the conversation, Jonathan can't help noticing that Steve looks pale and shaky, like he's been sick recently.

"It's movie night tonight, Nancy wants you to come," he says, before Steve can say anything, "And we already talked to the kids, so we know you don't have any plans." It's meant to come out as a joke, but the tension is too high and it falls flat.

"Look, you don't have to d-" Jonathan cuts him off before he can finish.

"You've been avoiding us. I've noticed, Nancy noticed. But we didn't ask you to. Just- come to movie night, okay?" Maybe Steve believes him, or maybe Jonathan just looks desperate enough, but either way Steve gives a shaky nod and runs a hand through his hair.

"What time?" He looks kind of miserable, but Jonathan still takes the question as a good sign. Maybe once Steve gets there, he'll see they aren't lying about wanting him around and relax.

"Nine, at my house," Steve gives another little nod, and Jonathan steps back. He gives him what he intends to be a comforting smile, and Steve attempts to return it, although he mostly just looks nauseous.

"I'll be there."

Steve doesn't show. Nancy looks disappointed but not surprised, and Jonathan feels mostly the same. He still finds himself glancing at the front door every once in a while, like maybe Steve is just running late. Once the movie ends, Nancy turns towards him and buries her face in his neck like she does when she's upset, a habit she's picked up since she presented.

"I was really hoping he'd come," she says, words muffled against his

skin.

"I was, too," he replies, running a hand over her hair. Her scent is flat with disappointment, it's usual cinnamon-spice quality overpowered by gun smoke, and he presses a kiss to the top of her head because he doesn't really know what else to do.

"Come on, I'll drive you home."

It's almost one in the morning when Jonathan wakes up again. There's noises outside his window, and he has to swallow down panic when something thumps against the side of the house. The thing is, he may have fought off monsters before, but never by himself. Being completely honest, it was never really him doing the fighting either. He desperately wishes for Nancy and her gun or Steve and his bat. The noises continue around the perimeter of the house, and Jonathan carefully gets out of bed.

Rationally, he knows it's probably a deer or fuck, maybe a big raccoon, but he grabs the bat they've started keeping by the door, just in case. There's no nails in it, and Jonathan doesn't as confident with it as he knows Steve would, but it's a weapon at least. If things go sideways, at least he won't be completely defenseless.

He cracks open the front door as the noises get close, and is both immensely relieved and confused when he recognizes the figure stumbling up to him. Steve's moving like he's drunk, swaying out in the cold wearing only his boxers and a long sleeved sleep shirt, socks with no shoes dragging on the dirt driveway. There's no alcohol in Steve's scent, though.

The problem is, Jonathan can't really parse out what is wrong with Steve's scent because it's *all* wrong. The neutral, slightly bitter scent Jonathan's used to is gone, and when Steve is inside and sprawled heavily on the Byers' couch, Jonathan tries to take in his new scent. There's the familiar tang of chlorine that never really leaves Steve's skin, but under that he smells like clean leather and firewood, and a little like pine. It's not unheard of for peoples' scents to change over time, but Steve smells different from this *afternoon*. Radically different.

Steve and Jonathan have never been particularly physical with each other, with the exception of their fight, but Steve's pressed full body against him on the couch, shaking heavily even as the room's warmth sinks into him. His trembling hands grip Jonathan's shirt tightly, and his eyes are desperate when he looks at Jonathan.

"Jonathan, something's wrong with me."

Notes for the Chapter:

comments appreciated as always!

3. Take On Me

Summary for the Chapter:

He can hear the bathroom door open down the hall, and a few moments later, Steve is stepping to his room. His scent is stronger now that it's not partially covered up by fear-sweat and whatever product Steve uses in his hair during the day. He's wearing Jonathan's clothes, and it's strangely distracting. Steve's taller than Jonathan, so the flannel pants and sweater are both too short on him, but Jonathan's broader and the sweater hangs off shoulders and the sleep pants are barely staying up on Steve's thin hips. It's an endearing look, and it has a little of the same effect as when Nancy wears his clothes.

Jonathan blinks, mentally batting the thought away. He likes seeing Nancy in his clothes because she's his girlfriend. Steve is just a friend who he's helping through a problem. That's all.

Notes for the Chapter:

theres for sure going to be more chapters than originally anticipated opps

this is a longish chapter and there's not much smut in it, but the next chapter is pretty much just going to be smut, so something to look forward too (and that should be up relatively quick since it was originally part of this chapter but just didn't flow)

"Jonathan, there's something wrong with me," Steve says, and then promptly passes out, which causes Jonathan silently freak out as he checks to make sure Steve's still breathing. Steve's skin is the sort of clammy-cold that only happens with the combination of frigid temperatures and a fever, and his hair's limp and greasy on his forehead. Once he gets Steve's hands to unclench from his shirt and has the other boy wrapped in every one of the thread-bare blankets

on the couch, Jonathan does the only thing he can think of.

He goes and wakes up his mom.

And once she's out fussing over Steve, eyes still heavy with sleep in a way that makes guilt stir in Jonathan's stomach, he panics quietly in the kitchen while going through the motions of making tea. It's not that he particularly likes it, or thinks that Steve will, he just needs something to do with his hands and it's way too early to start making breakfast, although part of him longs for the familiarity of the process. The hot liquid will probably be good, he thinks, with how cold Steve was when he stumbled in. He considers calling Nancy, but eventually decides against it. He'd probably just end up waking up her parents instead, and if Steve ends up being fine, he'll just feel bad disturbing them. God, he hopes Steve ends up being fine.

When he re-enters the living room, two mugs gingerly held in one hand and balanced on his arm with a third in his opposite hand, Steve is awake again. He still looks shaky and pale, but decidedly less... limp than before, which is an improvement. Jonathan hands two of the mugs off to Steve and his mom, keeping the third for himself. He watches as Steve wraps both hands around the ceramic, breathing in the steam briefly before curling into himself in a little miserable cocoon of blankets. Jonathan considers taking a seat on the coffee table, since anywhere else makes him feel too cut off, but his mom stands up instead. She runs her free hand over Steve's neck, and it almost hurts how desperately Steve leans into her touch. With a little gesture to her oldest son, she turns and heads towards the hallway. After another tentative glance at Steve, Jonathan follows.

His mother looks drained, but not anxious, which Jonathan takes as a good sign. Her thin fingers fidget nervously around her mug before she heaves a little sigh.

"He's presenting," She takes one hand off her mug and holds it up to silence him before he can protest. "I'm not sure why it's happening now, or *how* it's happening now, because it doesn't make any sense, but I've been through this, I know what it looks like."

It *doesn't* make any sense. Steve's almost 19, most teenagers present between at 16 or 17. Hell, even 'late bloomers' usually present by

their 18 birthday *at the latest*. And then the second half of what his mom said catches up with him. 'I've been through this before' must mean Steve...

"He's an omega?" Her nod makes him more confused. It makes even less sense now. Omegas make up less than five percent of the population. There's only four in the entire high school, well five now counting Steve. He can't wrap his head around it. It's a little hard to swallow for other reasons, too. It was one thing for Nancy to seek out Steve when Steve had been a beta, but her seeking out Steve a week before he presents omega makes Jonathan nervous. It's unfair to both Nancy and Steve, he knows, it's not like either of them asked to present the way they did (and from his mom's expression, it doesn't seem like this is going to be a particularly pleasant experience for Steve), but he can't help thinking about health class and compatible scents and instincts. He doesn't realize how far into his own thoughts he is until his mom's hand on his cheek is startling him back to awareness. She looks concerned for him, but he shakes his head a little when her expression goes questioning.

"So what do we do now?" He asks.

"You don't have to do anything," she says, "This isn't your responsibility, Jonathan."

And it's tempting, for a moment, to just go back to bed and let his mom handle it. But the thing is, he doesn't really want to. Steve is his friend, in whatever tentative sense they've come to, and more than that, Jonathan thinks of the way Steve had stumbled up to him and tucked his body into Jonathan's chest like he *belonged* there. Thinks of Steve clinging to his shirt on the couch and his new, oddly comforting scent. He doesn't know how to say all of that, so he just settles on a weak "He's my friend, mom".

About 20 minutes later, Jonathan's sitting on his bed, waiting for Steve to get out of the shower. He's trying to remember everything his mom told him about omega presentation, but he's too nervous to do a very good job of it. Most of it had boiled down to Steve sleeping for the majority of the next day, constantly craving contact ('touch-starved', his mom had said) and then his heat would start. The last

part Jonathan is decidedly not trying to think about. Right now, he just needs to get through tonight before he can talk to Nancy tomorrow morning (his mom had been firm that he would not be skipping school the next day).

He can hear the bathroom door open down the hall, and a few moments later, Steve is stepping to his room. His scent is stronger now that it's not partially covered up by fear-sweat and whatever product Steve uses in his hair during the day. It's smooth in a way his scent wasn't before, and it fits better, Jonathan thinks. He's wearing Jonathan's clothes, and it's strangely distracting. Steve's taller than Jonathan, so the flannel pants and sweater are both too short on him, leaving little stripes of skins over his wrists, ankles and stomach bare, but Jonathan's broader and the sweater hangs off shoulders and the sleep pants are barely staying up on Steve's thin hips. It's an endearing look, and it has a little of the same effect as when Nancy wears his clothes.

Jonathan blinks, mentally batting the thought away. He likes seeing Nancy in his clothes because she's his girlfriend. Steve is just a friend who he's helping through a problem. That's all.

Steve is still standing awkwardly in the doorway to his room, one hand scratching at the back of his neck in what Jonathan has come to realize is a nervous habit. He pushes back the comforter and blankets, motioning Steve over. The other boy crawls into the bed, body tense as Jonathan pulls the blankets back up and presses along Steve's back. It's not completely unlike cuddling with Nancy; Steve's taller and Nancy usually likes to be the big spoon, but the biggest difference comes from how Steve's body is completely unyielding against Jonathan's.

"Relax," he murmurs, pressing his face into Steve's neck, and with a shudder, Steve obeys.

The next morning doesn't quite feel real. Jonathan wakes up with Steve facing him, tucked against his chest and legs tangled together. It's kind of nice, waking up with someone else, although there's a damp patch where Steve has drooled on his shirt and one of his hands is asleep from being caught under Steve's torso. He doesn't

mind as much as he thinks he should.

Despite the fact that there's no way Steve's going to school today, Jonathan gets him up and herds him along to the dining room. He needs to make breakfast and part of him feels bad about leaving Steve alone. Besides, Steve still needs to eat, right? He gives Nancy a quick call while the eggs sizzle in the pan, awkwardly stuttering through small talk with Mrs. Wheeler until she finally hands the phone over to her daughter.

"Jonathan?" Nancy's voice is soft and questioning, tinny through the phone.

"Hey," he greets, and can't help the little smile he gets on his face. "Do you think you can drive this morning? I'm... not quite feeling up to it this morning." Nancy makes a concerned little noise, and Jonathan gets it. He likes driving in the morning, it helps make sure he's awake for the day, and lets him feel like a good boyfriend, getting to pick up Nancy and drive her to school. But there's just too much going on in his head to concentrate this morning. He glances at Steve, sitting limply at the table, and adds "We need to give Dustin a ride, too, if that's okay?"

The noise Nancy makes at that is more confusion than anything, but she agrees with little fanfare. After a promise to be there in 20 minutes, she hangs up just as Jonathan deems the eggs ready to serve. He splits them on to four plates, adds the toast once it pops out of the toaster, and sets them down on the table and takes a seat next to Steve. There's a surprising normality to all of it.

Will gives Steve an odd look when he gets to the dining room, but before his brother can ask any questions, Joyce is sweeping in with hair ruffles and good mornings. Everyone eats fairly quietly, Will picks at his food and his thin wrists make Jonathan concerned, but he doesn't push. Will hates it when they fuss over him on a good day, he'd be humiliated if they did it with someone over. Not that Steve would really notice, he'd scarfed down breakfast with a surprising amount of speed, but now he looks ready to fall asleep again at the table.

The rest of the morning passes in the same monotonous way every

morning does, and soon his mom is shooing him and Will out the door as Nancy pulls up in her mom's minivan, Mike sitting sullenly in the back seat.

"What's going on?" Nancy questions as soon as they're shut away in the dark room at lunch. She'd been antsy but quiet the whole drive to school, giving him a sharp glance when he'd said they needed to pick up Dustin because Steve was sick. Usually, he loves how perceptive she is, gets a little warmth of pride each time she figures something out, but he's been avoiding this conversation for a reason. "You smell different."

"I smell like Steve," he cuts off any protest she was going to make, "I know, I know. It doesn't smell like him. But Steve doesn't really smell like Steve anymore."

The whole story spills out after that, although he has to go back and repeat or clarify as Nancy asks questions. Her arms are crossed over her chest for most of it, expression unreadable. When he finishes, though, she steps closer and wraps her arms around him. Instinctively, his arms come up to hold her, one wrapped around her back and the other petting over her hair.

"Thank you for taking care of him," she says eventually, voice small. "He doesn't really- have anyone at home who would do that."

"Of course." He breathes in the scent of her, lets his arms tighten for a moment. This is the part of the conversation he's been avoiding, but he has to do it. "If you want to- to be there for his heat, I won't stop you."

She pulls back, ready to argue but he shakes his head. "I get it, okay. It's biology. You care about him, you guys obviously had chemistry. When you presented, you wanted him-

"And when he presented, he wanted you," Nancy's voice is firm, cutting him off. Jonathan sputters for a second.

"That's not important," he protests, because Nancy's not *getting* it. Besides, it's not the same. Nancy tore through most of the high school

to get to Steve, Steve just came to him because he thought Jonathan would know how to help.

"It absolutely is important. He came to *you*, not me. Your house is what, a twenty, thirty minute walk from his house? And you said he walked barefoot through the cold to get there? Jonathan, he wanted *you*." Nancy has her hands on his cheeks so he has to look at her, and Jonathan realizes with something like horror that she might be right.

"This is so fucked up," he says finally. Nancy makes a noise of agreement, curling back into his chest. They stay that way for a while, embracing in the dim red light of the dark room. Presenting is supposed to make things easier, make relationships clearer and easier to define (or end), but then again, the three of them have never really fit the mold.

"So," he says, brushing a curl of her short hair behind her ear, "I guess we both need to talk to Steve this afternoon."

She looks up at him with an amused smile, pressing a fond kiss to his cheek.

"I guess we do."

There's two more preteens than there were that morning when Jonathan and Nancy get to the van after school.

"Absolutely not," Nancy's already saying before the kids can start talking.

"We want to know what wrong with Steve," Dustin is explaining, "We know he's at Will's house, we just want to go see him!"

"And I said no. He's fine, he's just sick," Nancy is saying, getting louder as the others start adding in their own arguments. She's looking at him help, but Dustin and the rest are also looking at him with pleading eyes and he caves.

"I'm sure taking them by for a little while couldn't hurt, right?" Nancy glares at him, before sighing. "You're supposed to be on my side."

Fine, get in, all of you. 20 minutes, max. And then I'm taking all of you home, got it?"

It ends up being a much longer visit than 20 minutes.

When Jonathan unlocks the front door, the last thing he expects is to see a little head of brown curls sitting calmly on the couch. Eleven-Jane, he reminds himself, has a picture book propped open on Steve's back where he's laying across her lap asleep. Both of them look remarkable content, Jane's wide, soft eyes gently happy and Steve the most relaxed he's been since arriving at the Byers' house last night. It's not the first time she's been over. Hopper's made an effort to balance keeping her hidden but still letting her see her friends, and their house has become kind of a sanctuary for that, but his mom's keys are gone which means Jane is basically here by herself.

There's footsteps rushing up behind him, and Jonathan can almost feel Mike getting ready to say something, but Jane holds one finger up to her mouth. Instead of saying anything, Mike pushes past Jonathan until he can hug her. The rest of the kids file in, once Jonathan steps aside. Nancy brings up the rear, and when he looks over at her, there's a small smile on her face. Steve wakes up with all the kids around him, looking sleep rumpled but happy, and the kids immediately start in with questions. Nancy makes a quiet noise he can't read, and starts heading for his bedroom. "Come on, I'm sure our talk with him can wait until the kids are done grilling him."

Once they're in his room, door cracked to keep an ear on anything happening, Nancy starts pulling books out of her backpack with a slightly embarrassed flush to her face.

"I grabbed any book on presentation I could find in the library during free period. I thought we might be able to figure out why he presented now," she explains, and her face gets redder when she adds, "and maybe try figure out what to expect from the- the rest of it. If he agrees."

"It's a great idea," he reassures, and settles down on the bed next to her. It's quiet while they flip through the books, and he feels his own face burn he reads through the chapter titled "Heat Behavior and

Management". The comfortable quiet is only broken by the occasionally frustrated groan from either of them as another book turns up a dead end.

Finally, in one of the newer, sleek looking health books, Jonathan finds a short side note about late presentation, that he reads aloud at Nancy's prompting; "Late presentation may occur when a trauma happens too close to the natural date of presentation. Sexual assault, death of a loved one, and severe injury are all known causes of delayed presentation, although cases vary between individuals. Individuals may be classified as baseline or beta gene-variations due to lack of secondary presentation beyond a certain age. In some cases, this is accompanied by a slow shifting of scent, generally undetectable until presentation and the return of the individual's true scent. Final presentation in these individuals, unlike a natural presentation, must then be triggered by another event, usually presentation of another compatible individual."

Nancy hums as she considers it, eventually making a small 'oh' of realization.

"The night we fought the demogorgon. Steve would've been right at the top of the age range for presenting. It wouldn't have affected us since we were too young at the time, but it could have kept him from presenting," Nancy explains, and it's not an unbelievable explanation. Jonathan still has nightmares about that night and it's been more than a year (not that the events from October have helped in that regard), and Steve had been thrown into it with even less knowledge than Nancy and him had.

"So then he presented because..."

"Because I chased him down and covered him in rut pheromones, yeah," Nancy finishes, looking uncomfortable.

"Hey, it's a good thing then, right? Otherwise who knows when he would've presented," or if he would have presented, Jonathan thinks. Still, he closes the book on his lap and wraps his arm around her waist. "We know what happened now, we can handle this."

They eventually leave Jonathan's room when the living room gets

suspiciously quiet. When they finally get a look at the scene, Jonathan's fingers itch for his camera. It's honestly adorable. The kids are slumped together in what can only be called a puppy pile, Steve at the center. There's a comforting thrum in the air that Jonathan knows only comes from a deeply satisfied omega (the same thrum had hung around their house for days after they got Will back both times), and he watches as Steve shifts a little, snuffling deeper into Dustin's curls.

"I guess he is a pretty damn good babysitter," Nancy muses fondly.

They break up nap time about an hour later, Nancy shuffling all the kids but Jane and Will into the van to take them home while Jonathan cleans up and checks on the others.

"Hopper coming to get you?" Jonathan asks, ruffling Jane's hair.

"Yes, when his work is over. 6-1-5," she frowns, correcting herself, "6:15."

It's almost six anyway, so he nods.

"I came over to stay with him," she continues, gesturing at Steve, who's yawning but sitting up. "He's different than before. Like mama, like Miss Joyce," her voice gets quieter, "like Benny."

"He's an omega," Jonathan clarifies, and at her confused looks adds, "You can ask Hopper about it, okay?"

The front door opens as Nancy reenters after dropping the kids off, and Jonathan smiles at her briefly before turning back to Jane. "Can you and Will go in his room for a while so Nancy and I can talk to Steve?"

Jane nods, gently shaking Will awake before the two of them head off. Jonathan takes a seat on the other side of the couch from Steve, Nancy perching on the arm behind him.

"So," Steve starts, and he looks resigned, not meeting either of their eyes. It strikes Jonathan abruptly that Steve thinks they're going to kick him out or tell him he's on his own for the rest of it, and it *hurts*

that Steve thinks that way. He wonders if Steve's been getting ready for this all day, been telling himself its okay and that he was lucky to get as much as he did. Mostly it hurts because Jonathan knows that feeling. Felt it all of this morning as he got ready to tell Nancy it was okay with him if she picked Steve. He thinks about Steve these past months, the hesitation every time he hung out with them, and realizes that Steve's felt like this for *months*, probably since the night the gate closed, and suddenly Jonathan just can't handle it.

"We want to spend your heat with you," he blurts out. Steve looks shocked, mouth slightly open like he'd immediately lost whatever he was about to say. Nancy's tense behind him in a way he knows means she's surprised. He feels his face heat up, "I mean, if that's what you want."

Steve's looking between them incredulously, "You guys aren't joking, right." He laughs anxiously, "Because I really don't think I could handle it if you are."

"We aren't," Nancy says, all calm confidence and resolution. Steve looks at both of them for a long moment, and must find whatever he's looking for in their expressions because he nods.

"Lets do it then."

Steve's heat doesn't start right away.

Fortunately, there's ample time to get Jane home and Will over to the Wheeler's for the weekend. Unfortunately, that means there's also time for Joyce to sit the three of them down and make them actually talk through what they plan to do. It's mortifying for Jonathan, and Nancy looks vaguely nauseous while Steve's ears stay pink the entire conversation, but it's also sort of... reliving to have done it once it's over. A little like having a disaster plan ready, in case anything goes wrong. Even once the three of them are pressed up together in Jonathan's bed, there's about half an hour of anxious anticipation when nothing happens. Finally, Jonathan just turns his lamp off, and they curl up to go to sleep.

The light comes back on a few moments later when Steve sits up

abruptly. He looks nervous, and there's a moment of dread when Jonathan thinks he's changed his mind.

"Can I kiss you guys? Before I kind of lose all control and stop remembering everything. Because I'd really, really like to remember that part," Steve says, looking at the two of them on either side of him.

Nancy's up and pressed against him before Jonathan can even nod. He used to watch Steve and Nancy kiss with jealousy, annoyed by the way Steve seemed to grab onto Nancy like she was his property. He can see it differently now. The way Steve cups her face like she's precious, the way his whole body leans into her, the way he practically melts when she takes the lead. It's been there the whole time, and Jonathan's just now noticing it.

Nancy pulls away gently, carefully guiding a shellshocked-looking Steve so he's facing Jonathan now. Jonathan doesn't let himself hesitate, because he knows if he does, he won't get another chance at this. Steve's mouth is soft and pliant under his, not unenthusiastic, but just content to take what Jonathan will give him. God, Jonathan wants to give him everything. Steve makes a noise when Jonathan runs his tongue over the back of his teeth, and it startles Jonathan back to full awareness. Steve's mouth is red and slick, his eye still closed when Jonathan pulls back.

"Thank you," Steve whispers, almost too quiet to hear. No one says anything else as they resettle to go to sleep, but any previous tension is gone.

The first wave of Steve's heat hits around four in the morning. It's weak, compared to what's coming, but it's amazing. Jonathan wakes up because Steve's whining in his ear, low keening sounds that go straight to his cock. And if the sounds weren't enough, Steve smells *incredible*. It's like his scent is turned up to full blast, like Nancy's had been during her rut, but it's also sticky-sweet like someone's added honey straight into his blood. Jonathan thinks he can almost taste it, and he can't imagine what it's like for Nancy with

all of her new Alpha senses.

If he thought the smell was good, opening his eyes is a whole different level. Someone, he's guessing Nancy, has turned the lamp back on low, and the yellow light makes everything look hazy and warm. There's a thin sheen of sweat over Steve's skin, and he's flushed halfway down his chest. Nancy's curled up against his back, delicate little chin hooked over his shoulder so she can lick and bite at his neck, and one hand carefully wrapped around his cock, jerking him steadily in a way that Jonathan knows well. Her thumb swipes over the head every so often, gathering up precum and making the glide of her palm against him slicker and smoother. There's a really obscene amount of it, and the strangest part is that he kind of want to lick it off of Nancy's hand and maybe directly off Steve's dick. Jonathan's not super into oral sex; he's gone down on Nancy a few time during the course of their relationship, but in the end he just prefers using his fingers, and he's better with his hands so it's never been a big deal. But right now he kind of just wants to see if Steve tastes as sweet as he smells.

He restrains himself, though, because this is just the beginning and Steve's heat is going to last a while. And because the gross part of him that he doesn't like to acknowledge likes just *watching*. Likes seeing how Nancy methodically takes Steve apart, how well she knows him. It's easy to see their history in the way they move together. He wants his camera, knows it wrong but wants to document the give and take between them, how gorgeous is it.

He can tell by the way Steve's getting louder and the self-satisfied smile on Nancy's face that Steve's close. Nancy seems to know every tell in Steve body, and when he finally comes, her jaw grinds with the effort not to bite down into his shoulder. Jonathan can sympathize. He thinks if he was an alpha he'd have a hard time not claiming Steve too.

Steve passes out almost immediately after he comes, not in the unconscious way from this morning, but just dead asleep in less than a minute. Which scares Jonathan until Nancy explains that it's pretty normal for Steve to clock out quickly after sex, probably more so now that his heat's trying to rev up.

Nancy strokes her fingers over Steve's temple, and Jonathan locates the sweater she must have wrangled Steve out of, wiping away the cum that's drying on Steve's abdomen. He tosses it off onto the floor as Nancy pulls Steve's sleep pants back up, one hand tracing gently over his stomach.

"Is this all still okay with you?" She asks, voice soft and eyes just a touch concerned.

He is, and he means to tell her that, but what comes out instead is a strained "He's so good" that immediately makes him want to curl away in embarrassment. Nancy's grin is sharp and teasing, but her eyes stay soft and understanding.

"He really, really is."

Notes for the Chapter:

in case there are any questions about it; i know steve seems too old for a high schooler, but my personal headcanon is that his parents held him back a year so he'd have an advantage in sports, which is decently common in small towns where you can request your kid takes another year before kindergarten (this is also my headcanon for where his insecurities about his intelligence come from)

so this fic takes place in january; steve's 18 (turning 19 in early may) and jonathan and nancy are 16 and 17 respectively (nancys birthday is about 4 month's before jonathans)

4. Pour Some Sugar On Me

Notes for the Chapter:

here's the promised porn (with some feelings for good measure). italics are flashbacks.

Late morning sunlight is weakly streaming through the window when Jonathan wakes up. Nancy and Steve are still asleep, and he carefully untangles himself from the knot of limbs they've worked themselves into. He's way too warm, a result of sleeping pressed so close to Steve, who's heat-fever is no where close to breaking, but doesn't seem to have gone up at all. The cold of the window is shocking when he leans his back against it, the temperature difference almost painful through his shirt, but it's also relieving, leeching away some of the excess warmth until he feels more level.

The three of them had kicked most of the blankets off while sleeping, so Jonathan goes ahead and gently strips the rest off of Steve and Nancy, balling them all up and tossing them at the foot of his bed. He's still too hot to crawl back in bed with them, knowing any relief he got from the window would vanish immediately, and instead settles for sitting on the edge of the bed, watching them. He's always been better at reading people when they're still, it's part of why he likes photography. He likes the advantage of time to analyze, notice things he would have missed otherwise. Nancy and Steve are beautiful together, anyone could see that, but seeing them like this is breathtaking.

Nancy looks tiny against Steve. She's always been petite but next to Steve's lanky frame the comparison is exaggerated. But even with how small she is, it's unmistakably her holding Steve, not the other way around. She's got one arm tucked under him, cradling him back against her, the other arm laid out on the sheets, disturbed from it's previous resting place on Jonathan's hip. Steve's relaxed into her like there's no where he'd rather be than safely wrapped in her arms. It's bittersweet to Jonathan. He's always liked cuddling with Nancy, but he's never been able to let go completely the way Steve has. He never really knew where he fit with Nancy when they first got together (and he thinks that's part of it, he and Nancy never dated, they just

weren't together and then they were). It was clear to anyone who really knew her that Nancy would be an alpha, and that made Jonathan uneasy at first, because while part of him hoped he'd be an omega, it had never felt right. Looking at Steve now, it's clearer than ever. And that leaves Jonathan not knowing *what* he's going to be.

"You're thinking too hard," Steve rasps softly, and Jonathan just barely keeps himself from startling. He hadn't even realized Steve had woken up. He's moving carefully, trying to shift closer without waking Nancy.

"Can't help it," Jonathan replies, sliding closer so Steve can rest his face against his thigh. It gives him the opportunity to subtly check Steve's temperature as he brushes some stray locks of hair off Steve's forehead. Some part of him eases at the confirmation that Steve's heat-fever has remained relatively the same.

"I could blow you again, might help with the thinking problem," Steve suggests, teasing but with enough of a genuine offer behind it to make Jonathan flush at the memory it brings up.

Getting Steve off hadn't worked for more than maybe twenty minutes before the heat returns full-force, waking him back up. Jonathan thinks that the short nap only served to make Steve even more exhausted. He's hard again against his thigh, a refractory period that would be admirable if it didn't look so uncomfortable for him. They hold Steve between them, hands wrapped together around his cock, and he moans and jerks in their grasp, but he doesn't come. Even when Nancy slides down, takes him in her mouth, Steve clenches his hands in Jonathan's sheet so hard he nearly rips them, but he just can't come. Steve's gasping breaths are sounding dangerously close to sobs by the time they back off.

Jonathan racks his brain for anything he remembers that might help. All of the books had made it sound so straightforward, but this is only the first wave of Steve's heat and it feels like they're in over their heads. But then he remembers something his mom had said, after she'd pulled him aside to talk to him alone. She'd meant the talk as a way to make sure he was really okay with everything happening, letting him know that if would be different than when he'd gotten Nancy off during her rut.

"Heat requires both parties being... satisfied to end. If you really don't want to do this, don't make it harder on all of you," she had said, and at the moment he'd only taken comfort in the fact that she had looked just as uncomfortable with the conversation as he had felt. But now he's immensely glad.

"Steve, Steve, you've got to get Nancy off," Jonathan says, and when Steve looks at him balefully, he adds, "It'll help, I promise." He really hopes he's not lying.

He watches as Steve presses his forehead to Nancy's, the two of them communicating silently until Nancy kisses Steve, pushing at his shoulder. Steve moves down her body, and Jonathan feels a little breathless when Steve hooks his fingers in the pair of Jonathan's boxer shorts Nancy's wearing, pulls them down until they're hanging off one of Nancy's ankles, props one of her thighs over his shoulder, and gets to work.

Nancy goes wild for it; head thrown back against the pillows and one hand instinctively going down to thread through Steve's hair. Part of it's the heat scent in the air, but Jonathan can tell that most of it's because Steve is just good at this. If the sounds he's making are any indication, he likes it too, obviously more than Jonathan does. Jonathan scoots closer so he can sling one arm over Nancy's hips, helping hold them down as Nancy's whole body moves against the bed. One of Steve's hands finds its way onto Jonathan's thigh, like he needs to ground himself with both of them.

Nancy's orgasm washes over her, and Jonathan expects that to be it, except that Steve just keeps going, long drags of his tongue over Nancy's clit as his fingers dig into her hip. Later, when she shakes through her third orgasm, she finally bats Steve away, closing her thighs gingerly as aftershocks quake through her body. Steve looks up at her, chin slick and eyes dazed, and Jonathan feels awed. He's gotten Nancy off more than once in a night before, but he's never tried to just keep going until she couldn't handle it anymore. From the way Nancy doesn't seem shocked, this is obviously not a first time occurrence between them.

"Jonathan next?" Steve asks, still looking at Nancy, and Jonathan feels a rush of heat in his stomach. Jonathan looks over at Nancy, and his mouth goes dry when she nods.

"Yeah, Jonathan next."

Steve's hands grope at Jonathan's hips for a moment until his fingers are tucked under the edge of his pants, and then he stops.

"I've never done this before," Steve says, and it's the first time since his heat's really started that he's sounded hesitant about anything.

"You don't have to," Jonathan reassures at the same time Nancy cuts in with "I'll help you," and Steve looks up at both of them before nodding a little.

"I want to," he says finally, and yanks Jonathan's sleep pants down in one motion. Nancy slides down the bed until she's next to Steve, and Jonathan can hear her whispering something he can't make out before his mind momentarily whites out at the first touch of Steve's tongue to his cock. He tries to compare it to his previous experience with blowjobs, which is just Nancy, but every time he gets a grasp on his thoughts, Steve does something new or he catches a snippet of something Nancy says to Steve and he loses it again.

It's a combination of Steve's nose pressing up against his pubic bone and Nancy murmuring "look how good you're doing" to Steve that causes Jonathan to come. He tries to warn Steve and pull back, but Nancy stops him so the head of his cock is still in Steve's mouth. Steve chokes a little, but otherwise just takes it. Jonathan expects him to spit after like Nancy always does (he's tasted his own come out of curiosity and doesn't blame her at all), but Steve swallows, coughing at the end. It's single-handedly the hottest thing Jonathan's ever seen, completed by Nancy swiping at the little bit of cum that's leaked down Steve's chin with her thumb and feeding it back into his mouth. Then she pins him down on his back, wraps a hand firmly around his cock, strokes a few times before pressing her thumb just below his balls, and Steve's coming across his stomach for the second time in less than an hour.

There's a shift after that, the first wave of Steve's heat finally breaking as Nancy collapses next to him. The three of them pant, exhausted but sated, and Jonathan can't help sighing out a little "whoa".

"It's a nice offer," Jonathan says, letting his hand settle on the back of

Steve's neck, thumb rubbing little circles into the muscle. Steve practically melts, one arm reaching out to curl around Jonathan's calf. "But I'm gonna go make something for us to eat while you're with us enough to actually eat it."

Steve makes a little noise of discontent, tightening his hold so Jonathan can't stand up. Jonathan retaliates by pressing his thumb in harder, unconsciously pressing into where a mating bite would go on Steve's neck. Steve goes lax immediately, allowing Jonathan to extract himself.

"That's not fair," Steve grumbles, looking up at Jonathan moodily.

"You were getting spoiled," Jonathan says, but Steve's still pouting so he leans down impulsively to kiss him. Steve hums happily, and Jonathan pulls away and steps back before Steve can grab onto him and pull him back into bed. "I'm going to go make eggs, okay? Wake Nancy up while I'm gone."

"Can you make them fried this time?" He hears Steve ask, as he heads to the kitchen.

"Spoiled!" he calls back, Steve's responding laughter following him down the hall.

They're all awake when the second wave of Steve's heat starts, and the difference is obvious. In the first wave, they had all stayed mostly clothed and while Steve had been desperate and needy, he'd still been able to talk to them. This wave starts with Steve stripping down, completely unashamed with his own nudity. Then he claws at their clothing when it starts to become irritating to his sensitive skin until both of them follow suit. Jonathan thinks normally he'd feel self-conscious naked next to someone like Steve, but there's no time for it as Steve writhes between them, insatiable.

Nancy smells it first, and Jonathan only catches on when her pupils dilate and she growls, low in her throat. There's slick spreading down the back of Steve's thighs, soaking into the bedsheets beneath him. The scent is so distracting it takes him a moment to realize that Nancy's growling at *him*. They'd talked about the possibility of this, of

Nancy trying to stake a claim over Steve when his heat became strong enough. Jonathan just hadn't expected it so soon. He knows what he's supposed to do; he's supposed to back off until she feels comfortable enough to let him approach again, to let her control the situation and not risk her going feral on him.

He doesn't do any of that though. He gets up in her personal space even when she snaps at him, getting a firm grip on her jaw, still careful to make sure he's not closing off her airway. He doesn't want to hurt her, he just wants her to *look* at him, focus on him and not her instincts.

"Nancy," he starts, but she doesn't even look like she truly sees him.

"Nancy," he repeats, not recognizing the sharp, biting tone that comes out. It works, getting her attention and stopping her fighting against him. Underneath the possessive anger in her eyes, she looks frantic. He can't even imagine what's going on in her head, just wants to calm it for her. He brings his other hand up, strokes it over the side of her face in what he hopes is a soothing manner.

"Come on, Nancy," he murmurs, pulling her in so he can press his face close to hers. He takes it as a win when she doesn't snap at him again. "Come back to me, okay? You've got to stay in control for me. You can do it, okay? Just fight it." He keeps up the stream of encouragement as he continues to stroke over her cheek. He loosens his grip on her jaw slowly, instead grabbing her hand to gently thumb over the scar on her palm. When he meets her eyes again, his Nancy is back, and he breathes a sigh of relief.

Steve lets out a keening sound beneath them, and Jonathan watches cautiously as Nancy leans down to sooth him. But she stays calm this time, gently tilting Steve's chin up to kiss him as he clings to her. Jonathan lays back down next to Steve, watches them kiss as he runs his hand up and down Steve's side. On the next down stroke, he lets his fingers play over Steve's hip for a minute, stalling for himself.

Nancy already has a hand on Steve's inner thigh, gathering up the slick and rubbing it back into Steve skin while she grinds against his leg. His whole lower body is going to end up shiny and slick, with the way Nancy's wetness is dripping down onto him. Jonathan lets his

hand trail lower, and can't help the little shudder that goes through him when he reaches the slick that's covering Steve's skin.

It's intimidating, in an odd way. They'd agree before that it needed to be Jonathan the first time, with him unrepresented he's less likely to lose control and accidentally hurt Steve. But now he's hesitant, and he doesn't really know why.

"Come on, Jonathan," Nancy commands, eyes sharp over Steve's shoulder. Steve makes a desperate noise, and then Jonathan's fingers are sliding down and rubbing over Steve's hole. It's like electricity goes through him, with how sharply all of Steve's muscle tense in anticipation, but Jonathan keeps his gaze locked with Nancy. Her eyes narrow, and he doesn't need her to say anything to know what she's thinking. *Do it.*

Two fingers slide into Steve easily, and it's not unlike fingering Nancy, really. He's good at that, knows he is, so he manhandles Steve to the position he wants and lets his fingers thrust into Steve and scissor inside him. Nancy helps him hold Steve down, dousing both of them in layers of *pleased-mine-good*. Steve looks blissed out, eyes closed and hair plastered to his forehead with sweat. Jonathan can tell the exact moment he hits Steve's prostate, because Steve practically sobs at how intense it. Jonathan works him up to three fingers, trying to hit his prostate every time even with how much Steve is wriggling around, and when Steve comes, it's with a shout buried into Nancy's shoulder.

Jonathan barely has his fingers free before Nancy's climbing over Steve to straddle him, one hand on Jonathan's shoulder to balance herself as she yanks open his bedside drawer and rummages around until she withdraws with a little foil square in hand. She rips the package open with her teeth, and God, he'll never stop think that's sexy, rolling the condom on him and lining him up until he slides home in one smooth motion.

The rule had been that neither of them could do this with Steve, not willing to risk anything and anyone getting hurt, but it strikes Jonathan as he thrusts up into Nancy that they both obviously wanted to. Now, wrapped up in the scent of Steve's heat and with slick damn near up to his elbow, Jonathan realizes that he doesn't

want to lose this when Steve's heat ends. He wants this for as long as he can have it, wants to see what happens when Nancy's rut syncs up with Steve's heat, wants to wake up next to them both and make breakfast for them, keep them both happy and content on his bed full of the food he makes for them. His orgasm feels punched out of him, as he curls up around Nancy, disrupting her rhythm. The last thing he sees before his eyes close with the intensity of it is Nancy taking two of Steve's fingers into her mouth, wet and shiny with his own slick.

The rest of Steve's heat passes in a blur of hands and mouths, occasionally broken up by meals, the most memorable of which involved Nancy and Jonathan trying to hand-feed small bites of leftover meatloaf to Steve while he tried to bite at their fingers and distract them. When his heat finally breaks midday on Sunday, the three of them are still tangled together. Jonathan and Nancy try to get Steve to take the first shower, but instead it ends up with the three of them packed in together because Steve is practically dead on his feet. There's nothing sexual, just Jonathan supporting Steve while Nancy cleans him off. Despite everything they've done over the last day and a half, this feels the most intimate. Steve trusting them with something so simple that he can't do on his own leaves Jonathan feeling flustered but warm, and he knows Nancy's pleased with it too.

Once the three of them are towed off and back into dry clothes, they collapse out on the couch, not willing to go back to Jonathan's bed so soon after getting everything off of them. That's where Joyce finds them later that evening, and she gently shakes them awake. Jonathan hadn't asked where his mom was planning on going while the three of them were occupied, and he has a sneaking suspicion she stayed at Hopper's cabin, although he can't confirm or deny anything based on her scent. She offers to give Steve and Nancy a ride home, but with a look at Jonathan, they both decline.

When the three of them are in his car, no one says anything. They're about halfway through the drive when Jonathan finds himself breaking the silence.

"I don't want things to go back to the way they were before." There's a beat of silence before Steve gives a soft, humorless laugh.

"I don't think that's a possibility, man. I've had your dick in my mouth, pretty sure that changes things." Jonathan shakes his head.

"No, I mean, I don't want to go back to you avoiding us because you think you're in the way, or Nancy getting upset because none of us really talk to each other, or me killing myself trying to figure out the balance between all of us. I just want *this*, okay? I want to be with both of you, just like this." The car goes silent again, but the feeling is more contemplative this time.

"What about when you present, Jonathan?" Nancy questions, voice cautious.

"When I present, we'll handle it. Just like everyone else does," he knows his voice is getting desperate, doesn't bother trying to stop it. "I'm not saying it'll be perfect, I'm just asking to try."

"Okay," Nancy says, quietly resolute. Jonathan glances over at Steve, who's looking pensively out the window. Finally, Steve turns back to him, and Jonathan tries to read his expression, but Steve just looks tired.

"If you're sure."

They pull up to Steve's house, and Steve leans over, pressing his lips against Jonathan's cheek and whispering a faint "thanks, man" before he climbs out of the car. Nancy gets out with him, and Jonathan can't hear their conversation, but Nancy rises up on her toes to kiss Steve before he heads into his house and when she climbs into the passenger seat, there's a small smile on his face.

"I told him we'd come see him after school tomorrow, if you're okay with that," she says, linking her fingers with his on the gearshift. He lifts her hand to his mouth, kissing the back of it and smiling against her skin.

"That sounds perfect."

5. Shadows of the Night

Notes for the Chapter:

this chapter is a little choppy, we're covering a lot of ground and a lot of time. a whole lot of feelings and just a touch of porn at the end

Monday morning feels entirely too normal, Nancy decides. Jonathan picks her up like usual, looking just as exhausted as she feels. For a moment, she's almost jealous of Steve for getting to take the day off, and then has to swallow down a wave of guilt when she remembers how much he hates being in that house alone. They don't talk on the drive, instead Nancy switches through radio stations until Mike finally snaps at her to stop. She snaps back something she can't really remember on instinct, but part of her is relieved that Mike is finally starting to act like a little shit again instead of the mopey wreck he'd been when they all thought Eleven was gone.

Classes pass by in a blur once they get to school, and Nancy knows there's no way she's really going to remember anything she was supposed to be learning. The dark room at lunch feels like a haven, the dim lights and Jonathan's comforting bread and clove scent wrapping around her as soon as she steps in. She watches him finish hanging up a few photos to dry before he turns to embrace her, and she lets her head fall against his chest, cheek against his soft sweater. It's one of her favorites, the yellow fabric worn in the best way, and the knit falling apart just slightly. It suits him, she thinks.

"Did you sleep okay?" she asks when they pull apart, concerned. He doesn't smell like heat-scent anymore, and there's no way he got his room aired out enough for it not to linger on his skin, which leaves the couch. As much as she loves his house, Nancy can admit the Byers' couch is less than comfortable on a good day. Even just the short nap the three of them had taken the day before had left her sore for most of the evening.

"I'm okay," he says, squeezing her hand once before turning back to the photos still soaking in the developer. "How did your parents handle it when you got back last night?"

"My dad didn't notice, which I expected. My mom wasn't exactly happy," she trails off. She unpacks her lunch slowly, stalling for time. Jonathan doesn't push, and she loves him for that. "I don't think she liked the reminder that I'm actually an alpha. My mom didn't really know what to do with me when I presented, she was really hoping I'd be a beta, or failing that, an omega."

Jonathan gives a little snort, "She really thought you would be an omega?"

"I don't know if she thought it, but she wanted it," Nancy shrugs. "Maybe she thought she'd at least understand me better as an omega than an alpha. I used to go to Holly or Mike's rooms if I couldn't sleep, and she always used to talk about 'nurturing instincts' coming through."

Jonathan makes a surprised little noise, and Nancy glances up at him, "What?"

"You've never told me about that before," she catches a hint of a smirk on his face, "It's kind of cute, really. A big, bad alpha keeping watch over her baby brother and sister."

"Shut up," she snaps, feeling her face get hot. She doesn't know she feels so defensive about it.

"Hey," he softens, clipping the last photo up and coming over to gently take her hand. "It's okay, I get it."

"After everything with Will the first time," he explains, "My mom started nesting again. Pretty much up until things started going well with Bob." Something inexplicably guilty passes over his face and is gone as quickly as it comes. "And sometimes, I'd sleep with her, when the nightmares got too bad or if I was too scared."

"I'm just saying, you don't have to feel bad about wanting things to feel safe," She can't quite tell in the red lighting of the dark room, but she thinks he might be blushing.

"I love you," she says softly, and is struck by just how much she means it.

"I love you, too," Jonathan replies, giving her hand a small squeeze where their fingers are still laced together.

Seeing Steve after school goes fine, and Nancy's frustrated that 'fine' is really the only word she can use to describe it. There's none of the easy affection or interaction from the weekend, and the three of them spend most of the visit in pleasant but completely shallow conversation. They sprawl out on Steve's bed, and Steve doesn't pull away from them, but he doesn't offer himself up to be held or touched either. The Steve she knew thrived off of casual touch, and she wants to say that, to ask him what the problem is, but she doesn't know if she has that right anymore.

The most frustrating part is that there's nothing *wrong* exactly, nothing she can fix. Steve isn't kicking them out and telling them its over, but it feels like none of them are on the same page anymore. It's just not the same, and when they leave, she can tell Jonathan is just as disappointed as she is.

"Things will get better, yeah? We just need some time to get there," she reassures, just as much for her own benefit as Jonathan's. He gives her a tense smile as he starts up his car.

"Yeah, of course they will."

Things don't get better. Everything just gets tenser and tenser until it all comes to a head about a month later, when Steve misses a full week of school without telling either of them. There's worry, at first, and then that worry turns to hurt when Nancy figures it out. She's not hurt that Steve didn't want them there for his heat again, exactly, although that stings. It's more that he didn't *tell* them. That he didn't even want them to know.

Jonathan doesn't take it well either, and he doesn't have to say it for her to know that he thinks it's his fault.

"I pushed too hard," he mutters into her sweater, breath hitching in a way that sounds like he might cry even if he hasn't yet. Nancy runs her hands through his hair, nails scratching against his scalp.

"It's not your fault," she says, and she wonders if he can hear the unspoken *It's mine* that follows. She notices the way Steve still looks at them, the way he still hesitates to touch first, the way he always seems to be waiting for rejection. It has to be her, because Steve went to Jonathan for help, choose to stay even when he learned he was presenting. Steve hadn't touched her when she cornered him in the locker room, had done everything in his power *not* to touch her. She thinks of the morning after the Halloween party, of "*tell you what?*" "*that you love me*", and of Steve pushing her to go with Jonathan the night the gate closed. She knows that if this is anyone's fault, it's hers.

"Can I come over this afternoon?" It feels a little low, cornering Steve at his locker when he's done his best not to talk to either of them all day (and really, he's been doing his best to avoid them for the past three days since he came back to school). But they need to talk, even if it's months past when they first should have done this. Steve glances behind her, looking for Jonathan, and looks a little startled when he realizes she's alone.

"Just you?" he asks, a hand swiping through his hair anxiously.

"Just me," she confirms, hesitently adding, "If that's okay."

"Of course, Nance," he says, shutting his locker. His shoulders stay tense, but he doesn't bolt like she expected. "You need a ride, then?"

"That would be great," she says, popping up her toes to give him a quick kiss on the cheek. She can tell it catches him off guard; they had agreed to keep PDA to a minimum while in school, at least until people stopped talking about Steve's presentation, but she just *misses* him, even when he's standing in front of her. There's a small smile on his face when she looks at him again.

"Let's go," he says, and when she slips her hand into his, she doesn't think she's imagining the little squeeze he gives her.

She expected this to be more awkward. Instead it almost feels like when they first started dating again, after Barb. She's curled into him,

the two of them more laying down than sitting up while whatever movie they're watching drones on quietly.

"How come you didn't tell us about your heat?" she asks softly, pushing a little insistently at his chest when he pretends not to hear.

"I didn't want you guys to feel like you had to do anything for me," he shrugs.

"We would have been happy too." He looks caught out, and she twists around in his arms until she's facing him fully.

"So what's the real reason you didn't tell us?" He doesn't say anything for a while, one hand fidgeting with the edge of her sweater. She covers his hand with his, stilling his fingers, and makes a little prompting noise when he stays quiet.

"I don't want to get attached to this and then lose it, okay?" He finally admits, and she doesn't know how to respond to that. It's what she expected, although she hadn't realized it until he said it, but it still makes her so sad for him. She wants to say something, but the words don't come and her useless instincts are telling her to wrap the sad omega up in blankets and sex until he's happy again, a solution which would definitely make things worse right now. She settles for wrapping her arms tighter around him, trying to reassure him with actions where she can't with words.

"I know it's supposed to be different this time, that you guys are trying and that biology is supposed to be on our side," he tucks his face into her hair, shudders out a breath. "I just don't know if all that's enough to make up for me," he finishes weakly.

"You think you're the problem?" She asks, quietly disbelieving. She wonders how on Earth they ended up with all three of them blaming themselves without being willing to admit it. Steve grimaces.

"When we first started dating again and I didn't present, I knew I was gonna lose you eventually," he shakes his head when she goes to protest. "You were going to be an alpha, and alphas and betas just, don't work out. So I figured I had until you presented, and we'd break up mutually and that would be it."

He swallows, voice thick when he continues. "But in the end I just fucked it up early, and I lost you by being a shitty boyfriend and not listening to what you needed, and if I couldn't be good enough for just you then, how the fuck am I supposed to be good enough for both of you now?"

"You weren't a shitty boyfriend," she says, repeating herself when he tries to respond. "You *weren't*. I'm so sorry I made you feel that way, and that I didn't say anything the first time you said you were." She's crying into his chest, she realizes abruptly, doesn't bother trying to stop. "You weren't perfect, but you tried, and I kept trying to make myself into something you wanted but you never asked for that. You were a *great* boyfriend, we just weren't ready for each other then."

"Did you ever love me?" Steve's voice is low, heartbreakingly hesitant.

"I don't know," she answers honestly, "I don't know if I could have loved anyone then, with how messed up I was about Barb. And I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said it when I didn't know if it was true."

"Do you love me now?" She uncurls from him enough to look him, at her wonderful boy with his ridiculous hair and kind eyes and soft heart, and knows with absolute certainty.

"I do."

"Are you going to stop running away from us now?" Nancy asks later, when they're sitting together in a booth at the diner.

"I'll try," Steve concedes. It's about as good as she expected; their talk hadn't fixed everything, but it helped, at least. "At least until Jonathan presents. Then we'll see."

He reaches across the table to dunk his fries in her milkshake, and she throws a piece of lettuce from her burger at him in relatiation. He laughs, genuinely, for the first time in a while.

"And if he presents Alpha?" The flush that goes up Steve's neck is delightful. She doesn't doubt that Jonathan will present Alpha, not

after how well she knows him and seeing him during Steve's heat.

"We'll see," Steve repeats, but Nancy takes the still rising flush as a good sign. Steve going to Jonathan for his heat indicates compatibility, but after the tense time they've had after, she was worried they were back at ground zero. It's not unusual for alphas to 'share' an omega, not with how rare omegas are anyway and especially not when two alphas are already dating, but triads only last when there's equal relationships between all of them.

She almost wants to tease Steve more about his obvious crush, but she's scared of accidentally undoing any of the progress they've made. Instead, she snags some fries off his plate, laughing when Steve halfheartedly swipes at her hand and complains about her having her own.

They finish eating, and when they climb back into his car, Nancy halfway expects them to head out to the quarry and park. Dinner had been so familiar that she almost forgotten how much is still uneasy between them. Steve walks her up to her door when they arrive at her house, just like he always used to.

"Do I get a good night kiss, at least?" She asks, somewhere between teasing and serious. Instead of the silly kiss on the forehead or cheek that she's anticipating, he leans in with one hand on her waist and the other cupping her face, and *kisses* her. It's just on the edge of desperate, and she clutches her hands in his shirt, ignoring the fact that they're standing on her doorstep and anyone could see.

"Good night, Nance," he says when they part, pressing another quick kiss to the corner of her mouth like he can't help himself.

"Good night, Steve," she echos, standing outside her front door for far too long after he leaves.

Things between the three of them finally start to improve after that. It's not perfect, but they're all happier. Steve joins them in the dark room some days for lunch, and her and Jonathan stick around to watch Steve's senior night. Jonathan knows even less about basketball than she does, but it's easy to see Steve's natural athleticism

when he plays, even if something protective and possessive in her screams every time Billy gets too close to him.

The only thing that hasn't improved is that they're less than two weeks away from Steve's next heat and Jonathan still hasn't presented. All of them are getting antsy, Jonathan most of all. Nancy gets a sinking feeling that Steve going to go through his next heat alone when the three of them are all together in the dark room and Steve blurts out that he's started suppressants.

"Why?" Jonathan asks, and he sounds just as surprised as Nancy feels.

Steve won't meet their eyes, shrugging in a way that's meant to look casual but ends up looking bashful.

"You're supposed to leave three weeks between presenting and sharing a heat or a rut with someone, and we can all tell Jonathan's close but I don't want him to present during my heat, and I don't want to have another heat until I can have both of you there," neither of them know how to respond to the metaphorical word vomit, and Steve immediately starts backtracking. "Unless neither of you want that, in which case this was a stupid mistake that we can all forg-".

"Thank you," Jonathan cuts him off, still looking awed, "I mean it."

"No problem," Steve says, with a little strained laugh, but he goes easily when Jonathan pulls him in for a kiss.

She hasn't seen Jonathan since they arrived at school that morning; he was a no show at lunch and he hasn't stopped by her locker to drive her home yet. She's just started to worry when arms wrap around her waist, lifting her up and twirling her in a circle. Steve sinks down against the lockers as he sets her down, pulling her into him for a happy kiss.

"Good afternoon, my gorgeous alpha," he says, laughing when she swats at him. She always gets flustered when he refers to her as 'his alpha'. "How would you feel about getting out of here, swinging by the pharmacy to pick up a shit ton of condoms, and heading over to see our favorite new alpha?" Steve raises his eyebrows at her, a shit-

eating grin on his face. It takes her a minute to process what he said, and then she gasps.

"It happened?" Steve's nodding even as he reels her in for another kiss.

"Drove him home this morning after third period." They're causing enough of a scene to get a few strange looks from the other students as they leave, especially since they aren't officially dating yet, but she doesn't care with how excited she is.

She slams her locker shut, taking off down the hall and ignoring Steve's laughing call of "he's not going anywhere, Nance".

Steve isn't kidding about stopping by the pharmacy, and they end up with more condoms than Nancy thinks they'll need and a bottle of lube that Nancy grabs despite Steve's protests. Last minute, she grabs a large box of chocolates left over from a Valentine's Day sale. The cashier who checks them out couldn't look more apathetic, even as Steve double bags their items to keep them hidden from prying eyes.

When they finally pull end in front of the Byers' residence, both of them are flushed from excitement and a little bit of preemptive embarrassment. The embarrassment turns out to be needed when Joyce Byers opens the front door for them and fixes both of them with a look.

"I'm not going to have to give the two of you the talk about being careful, and about how that's my son in there and what I'll do if either of you hurt him, right?" She asks, and Nancy can't tell if she's joking or not. Erring on the side of caution, she shakes her head vigorously as Steve replies with a sharp "no ma'am".

Joyce's face softens, and she pats both of their cheeks absentmindedly, "Good. Same rules apply as last time, and that includes both of you going to school tomorrow, understand?" and then she's out the door in a flurry of chaotic energy before either of them can reply.

"God, I love that woman," Steve sighs, and Nancy gives an indelicate little snort.

"You're holding a bag of condoms and lube and about to go fuck her son." Steve's smile doesn't fade at all.

"Damn right I am."

Jonathan meets them halfway down the hall, stumbling uncoordinatedly and absolutely drenched in rut-sweat. There's a damp patch where pre-cum has soaked through the front of his boxers, and Nancy blushes when she realizes the tent his cock is pitching is bigger than she remembers.

"Hey man," Steve teases, holding out his free hand in welcome when Jonathan presses up against him needily. Nancy watches them kiss, Steve settling some of Jonathan's franticness, petting a hand over the nap of his neck and practically purring at the way Jonathan pushes him up against the wall. Then Steve turns Jonathan around, pulling him close so Jonathan's back is against his front, and reaches out a hand for Nancy.

"Play nice," she hears Steve whisper as she takes his hand and steps closer, and belatedly realizes he's talking to Jonathan. Jonathan grabs on to her waist a little rougher than he usually would, and when he kisses her, it's all teeth and tongues and fighting for dominance. Nancy bites down on his bottom lip, and something in Jonathan shifts. He melts back against Steve, letting her take the lead as he groans low in his throat.

Jonathan herds them both into his bedroom, manhandling them onto his bed and tugging at their clothes in lieu of actually asking for permission. She's never seen him this aggressive, let alone during sex, and it's not frightening so much as unexpected.

"Was I like this?" Nancy asks, lifting her hips up as Jonathan yanks at her jeans. Steve tilts his head consideringly, smoothing his hand over her stomach in a way that makes her shiver.

"More or less," he answers, then laughs as Jonathan bites at his hip. "Yeah, buddy, it's all about you today, we got it."

Jonathan gets both of them stripped down methodically, nipping and

biting at their skin as it's bared to him. Everything is going great until Jonathan rolls Steve onto his stomach, propping one of his knees underneath him and Nancy sees him start to panic. She sits, up wrapping an arm around Jonathan's waist and trying to pull him back. Strength-wise, she knows Jonathan could throw her off if he really wanted to, but instead he leans back, looks at her like he can't quite figure out where he went wrong.

"You're taking such good care of us, Jonathan, so good to us," she croons, watching his brow smooth incrementally, "but you can't do that, not this time, okay?" Jonathan whines in protest and Nancy kisses at his throat. She doesn't know if he actually understands anything she's saying, or just the sentiment behind it. "I know, I know, you want to so bad, but you'll hurt him, okay? You don't want to do that, right?"

Jonathan eases off, and Steve rolls into his side with a slightly hysterical little laugh.

"Oh thank God, there's no way I'm slick enough to take a knot yet, that would have sucked." Nancy blinks. She's thought about Jonathan's presenting pretty in depth, but somehow she's never really comprehended the fact that Jonathan has a knot now. She slides her hand down over his stomach and wraps it around the base of his cock. He makes a needy noise, hips pressing up into her hand involuntarily. There's just a little extra girth there right now, but she feels it swell a little under her fingers, and makes a considering sound.

"Nancy Wheeler," Steve says from below them, dirty grin on his face, "You beautiful, depraved woman. You *cannot* do what you're thinking about doing. I don't even know if I'm gonna be able to take that knot, and my body is made to."

"I was just thinking about it," she snaps, face hot. Steve sits up to kiss her over Jonathan's shoulder, and his hand joins hers on Jonathan's cock. They stroke him together, trading off kissing him when he gets needy. It doesn't seem like it's going to be enough to get him off at first, and then Steve locks his hand around Jonathan's nearly full knot and squeezes, and Jonathan comes with a shout. It's messy, an almost absurd amount of cum coating Steve's stomach that makes Nancy

giggle into Jonathan's shoulder.

Steve makes an offended face, yanking her out from behind Jonathan and tossing her on her back on the bed. He then immediately lays down on top of her, ignoring her squealing protests as she smacks at his shoulder for him to get off. An interested sound from Jonathan makes both of them pause. He's looking at them, a lusty hunger in his eyes, but not touching. Steve gets it at the same time she does; Jonathan wants to *watch*.

Steve immediately leans over the side of the bed, rummaging around for the discarded pharmacy bag. When he finally rises back up with a condom in hand, he goes to lay down on his back but Jonathan pushes him back to his original position. The message is clear, they're doing this for Jonathan and they're doing it the way he wants.

"You okay with this?" Steve asks. It's been a long time since he's been on top of her. She likes the control of riding him, the freedom it gives her, but she knows Steve will make this good for her. He hikes her one of her legs up onto his shoulder when she nods, but snatches the condom out of his hand, ripping it open herself.

"I'm still the alpha, though," and Steve shivers. She rolls the condom onto him and guides him into her, moaning at the smooth glide of him. Steve has one arm braced beside her head, the other pressing her to arch up against him as he rolls his hips a few times, getting a rhythm going. She's forgot how good this angle can be, and how hard Steve can fuck when he finally gets to put all that athleticism to good use. It doesn't take her very long to come, not once Steve gets a hand between them to rub over her clit, and Steve thrusts into a few more times before his hips press all the way up against her and she feels him come inside the condom. He rolls off her to tie it off, and Jonathan growls when he tries to stand up to throw it away.

"It's your room, I guess," Steve sighs before throwing the condom in the general direction of the nearest trashcan. Nancy had almost forgotten about the cum on her stomach until it starts drying on her stomach and she searches for something to wipe it off with. She settles on Jonathan's discarded t-shirt, getting as much off of her as possible and then hastily wiping off Steve as well. Jonathan looks disgruntled with her when she's finished, and she leans over to kiss

the expression off of him. He's still pouting a little after, but stops glaring and hunkers down to curl around Steve's shoulder. Nancy reaches back over the edge of the bed, fishing the box of chocolates out of the bag and passes them over to Jonathan. He looks at her, confused, Steve mirroring the look.

Nancy tilts her head at Jonathan, "Don't you want to take care of us?" Steve still looks confused, but she sees Jonathan's face slowly light up as he gets it and works to open the box. Throwing the trash over the edge of the bed, he carefully selects one of the chocolates and holding it out to her. She takes a delicate bite out of it, letting her lips trails over Jonathan's fingertips as Steve lets out a quiet "oh" beneath her.

It had been a hunch, one based off of Jonathan's behavior during Steve's heat, and she's immensely please with the results. Jonathan keeps making pleased little sounds when they accept another treat from him, and yeah, there's a pretty good chance they're eventually going to end up with chocolate all over his sheets as the hand-feeding slowly shifts from innocent to heated, but she's sure it will be really, really worth it.

6. Come and Get Your Love

Summary for the Chapter:

Despite Joyce's threats, the next morning dawns slow and warm, far too late for Nancy and Steve to make it to school. Jonathan's already sitting up, sheets pooled around his waist, when Nancy wakes up.

"Snow day," he explains, when she squints at the weak, late morning sun that filtering in through his curtains. "Well, ice day, I guess. School's cancelled, either way."

Steve makes a sleepy, irritated noise where his face is tucked into Jonathan's hip, but settles again, still asleep when Jonathan strokes a hand over his hair and lets it rest on his neck.

Notes for the Chapter:

another feelings chapter, these three are still figuring everything out but they're getting there

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"Your mom and Will?" she asks, not really concerned because Jonathan doesn't look worried, but wanting to make sure anyway. She sits up next to him, shivering a little at the loss of warmth from the safe cocoon of the sheets. She tucks herself into his side, sighing

at how warm his skin is and how he moves to wrap an arm around her waist and keep her close.

"Will was at the Sinclair's when the storm started, so he stayed there. Mom spent the night at Hopper's." Jonathan grimaces a little at the end, and Nancy hides a smile by turning her face into his shoulder. Personally, she thinks the relationship between the two of them is kind of cute, and more than a bit inevitable, but she knows Jonathan struggles with the idea of anyone possibly taking on the father role in his family.

"How are you feeling?" She can still smell the rut on him, lessened significantly from earlier, but still steadily thrumming under his skin. Jonathan shrugs as much as he can without disturbing Steve.

"I'm okay for now. Would've been fine if you guys really did have to go to school, but really happy you didn't," he admits, "I'm good with just this, for now."

His voice softens before he adds, "This feel right, doesn't it?"

Nancy takes a moment to disregard how the room smells like sex, how the sheets feel dirty around them, how Jonathan's bed is just a bit too narrow to comfortably fit all of them, and instead focuses on waking up with the two of them, on Jonathan's arm around her and the soft sound of Steve's breath in the quiet of the room.

"This feels right," she agrees.

Steve eventually wakes up while Jonathan's trying to shift him so he can get out of bed. Nancy suppresses a fond smile at his bed head, only made worse by the fact that Jonathan had been running his fingers through it, and at the easy way he accepts Jonathan's kiss. Jonathan's finally able to get out of the bed unhindered, and Steve scoots across the sheets until he can kiss Nancy as well.

"He's still in rut," Steve points out, once Jonathan's left the room.

"Tail end out it," she confirms, fussing with his hair to try and put it back to rights. Steve hums, turns his head to press a kiss to her wrist.

"You made us grab that lube," he starts, pauses for a moment, and

then continues almost sheepishly, "Think he's past enough of the rut to actually use it?"

Nancy considers it for a moment, shakes her head. "He'd still knot you, and I don't think cheap drugstore lube is going to be enough for that to be safe for you."

"But," she adds, when he starts looking put out, "I did have another idea."

"Come on, Nance," he whines when she doesn't immediately continue, half-hard cock twitching against her thigh.

"Do you remember Valentine's day?" she asks in lieu of an answer.

"You mean when I planned out a night of really, really great sex and then forgot condoms?" He snorts, and she sees the moment he gets it. "Oh shit."

"Yeah," she confirms, and then laughs when he starts kissing up her neck, purposefully being obnoxious about it.

"You beautiful, incredible, genius. Jesus, you have the best ideas," he says, grinning when he leans in to kiss her properly. She lets herself get lost in it, caught up that memory of that night herself. Steve had fingered her for what felt like hours, until she was slick all the way down her inner thighs, and then she'd let him rock between her thighs until he'd gotten off. It had been slow, and surprisingly intimate, and the flush that spreads across her face isn't entirely from how Steve's currently started to gently roll her nipple between his fingers.

"And I thought I was supposed to be the insatiable one," Jonathan comments, having returned from the bathroom. He's standing in the doorway in his boxers, watching them fondly. He shakes his head a little, "I'm gonna make food, and we're actually going to eat somewhere besides my bed for once. "

Nancy smiles as Jonathan grabs them some clothes from his dresser, tossing them on his bed, before turning back towards the hall. She shoves Steve up, ignoring his complaining, and gets dressed before

herding him out to the Byers' dining room.

Later, they're stretched out in Jonathan's bed when he starts to get antsy again. It's the last wave of his rut; Nancy doesn't know how she knows, but she can just feel it. She smooths a hand over his chest, helping him sit up a little while Steve gets a hold of the lube. Jonathan's eyes go wide when he sees it, just a little panicky.

"No, we shouldn't- it's not safe for-" Nancy cuts him off with a kiss, pressing her advantage until he calms.

"We want to do something for you, but it's safe, I promise. Just trust us." He doesn't look completely assured, but he lets her move him into position she wants anyway. There's a part of her that finds it... thrilling out easy he'll do what she wants, despite being an alpha himself, but she pushes that away for the time being. This about making the last of Jonathan's rut amazing for him, not about her.

Steve's laying on his stomach with a pillow tucked under his hips, and she gets Jonathan blanketed over him, his face tucked into Steve's neck. Jonathan's shaking, and when he turns his head to look at her, he already looks wrecked.

"Nancy, I don't know if I can stop myself-" she rakes her nails over his back, and his sentence trails off in a shudder.

"I've got you, Jonathan," she promises, and he finally relaxes, though his eyes stay wide and locked on hers. She settles a hand on his lower back, and his hips roll a few times at her urging; she can tell when he finally finds the slick space between Steve's thighs by the almost pained groan he lets out. Steve looks gone, when she lays down beside him. Even with the suppressants in his system, laying under an alpha in rut is doing a number on him. Jonathan slides a hand up to tangle his fingers with Steve's, and Nancy feels something warm inside her. Her beautiful boys.

"K-knot," Steve chokes out, and she worries for a moment, ready to pull Jonathan off him if she has to, but she takes in the frustrated,

desperate way Jonathan's rutting against him and realizes he can't come without anything around his knot. She sits up to snake a hand between their bodies, plastering herself against Jonathan's back. Her hand is too small to fully wrap around his knot, but the pressure is enough that Jonathan can finally let go. The thrum under his skin seems to fade, finally, once he's finished.

"Fuck, I can't wait to do that for real," Steve says, breathless and panting as Jonathan rolls off of him. He's still hard against his stomach, the head of his cock purple and weeping against his skin. Nancy hasn't gotten off either, and now that she's not watching out for them, the ache in her cunt comes back full force. Jonathan's bed is wrecked, and now that the rut pheromones aren't clouding her judgement, she really doesn't want to fuck in the rather impressive wet patch left behind.

"Up, up, up," she chants, pulling at Steve's hand, "We can fuck in the shower, come on. Multitask."

"So smart," Steve mutters, untangling himself from the mess of sheets to follow.

They both look back at Jonathan, but he waves them off. "Gotta go put all this in the washer. I'll join you guys after."

There's a small, proud smile on his face, though, and he looks distinctly pleased with himself when he tosses one of the multitude of condoms scattered on and around the bed at them.

Steve drives her home later that night. The roads aren't terrible, most of them are salted and Steve drives slowly enough that she feels fine on the ones that aren't. Just to be safe, though, she waits until they're parked outside her house to talk.

"So, Jonathan's an alpha," she starts, and Steve looks away.

"Yeah." his voice is short, but he doesn't sound angry.

"How do you feel about that?" She can almost see the joking, deflecting remark as he's about to say it, and quickly adds, "I'm being

serious. Are we doing this or not?"

Steve's jaw clenches, and she forces herself not to rush him. Incrementally, she sees him relax, and then he swallows.

"Fuck, this is terrifying. But yeah, I'm all in." He does look scared, and she reaches out a hand to cover his.

"I'm glad," She leans over to kiss his cheek and he turns his head to catch her lips. It's chaste, but warm, and she's a little disappointed when he pulls away.

"You guys are going to have to come over for dinner with my parents," Steve's expression sours as he says it. "It's going to suck, but I figure if I keep coming home and smelling like you guys and they don't get to meet you, it'll be even worse."

"We'd love to," she says, even though it's a bit of an exaggeration; she's met Steve's parents once before and Steve's probably right that it's going to suck, but it'll be worth it.

"I'll see you tomorrow?" She questions, and Steve nods.

"Call me if Jonathan's too wiped to give you a ride."

She gives his hand one last squeeze as she grabs her backpack and opens the door. "I love you."

"I love you, too, Nance," he replies, and when she shuts the door to head to her house, he's still smiling.

A few days later, they're on a date, their first real date with all three of them. Nancy insists on it, so the three of them are tucked together in a corner booth in one of the semi-nice restaurants Hawkins has to offer. It's a compromise between the 24-hour diner she usually goes to with Jonathan and the fancy places Steve used to take her, although her boys are already arguing about how to split the check. They're trying to stay quiet, which Nancy appreciates, but really they're just going around in circles.

"Fine, you let me pay the bill, and you can pick out whatever I eat.

Compromise," Steve says, and Jonathan sputters for a moment, caught off guard.

"That's not a compromise, that's just you getting what you want and being too lazy to pick out your own food," Jonathan protests, but he looks faintly embarrassed. Nancy watches cautiously over the top of her own menu. Steve and Jonathan are still figuring each other out, when to tease and when to be serious, and she's hoping they can work this situation out on their own.

"You like it, though," Steve points out, softly, and while Jonathan's flush gets darker, he doesn't look upset. Steve continues, still in that same soft, genuine tone, "You like it when you know we're taken care of, and you like being the one to do it."

"I still don't see why that means you have to pay," Jonathan says finally, and Nancy has to stifle a laugh at the almost whining note in his tone. She sets her menu down.

"Steve likes to spend money," she says bluntly, and rubs a hand over Steve's thigh to soothe a little of the bluntness of her words. "It makes him happy, especially when he's spending money on other people. Pick out what he eats, and let him take the check. You can pay next time if you really want to."

"Fine," Jonathan mutters eventually, looking a little humiliated. Nancy's about to apologize when Steve leans closer to him and whispers, purposefully still loud enough for her to hear.

"Well, I guess we know Nancy likes being in charge." Steve yelps a little when she swats at him with her menu, and it breaks the tension enough that Jonathan laughs along with them.

"You aren't wrong," she says placidly, taking a sip of her water, just to watch both of them double-take.

"You two are going to kill me," Steve moans, flopping back against the booth dramatically and sounding entirely too pleased about it.

It doesn't surprise her when her window creaks open later that night,

aside from the initial flinch before she recognizes Steve's face. It's almost 11, around the time Nancy usually goes to bed. She got into the pattern of noticing when Steve would be more jittery and jumpy and school and leaving her window unlocked for him. She hadn't even realized she'd started doing it again until he's tumbling through her window with only slightly more grace than the first time he's snuck in.

"Hey," she says softly, once he's regained his balance and straightened up. She closes the notes she's copying, gently shutting the window behind him.

"Hey," he responds, looking a touch hesitant, "Is it okay if I sleep here, tonight?"

"Of course." Steve seems to relax as soon as the words are out of her mouth. "Help me get changed?"

Steve always liked helping her get dressed, before. She used to think it was just a sexual thing, a way to get to see her naked without really having to try, but he always seemed so much calmer after she was redressed, more settled and sure.

It's the same now, the way Steve's hands slowly steady as he helps peel her out of her sweater and starts on the buttons of the collared shirt underneath. Each little warm puff of his breath ghosts over her skin, and he rubs his hands over her arms when goosebumps break out over them. He unclips her bra with the same sort of reverence, pressing a light kiss to each of her shoulders where the straps have left a mark. There's a warmth in her center that she usually associates with arousal, but after he pulls her pajama top over her head and guides her arms through the sleeves, she tugs him close and wraps her arms around his neck.

She feels like she might cry, and she presses her nose into Steve's t-shirt until her breathing evens out again. It hits her then how long it's been since they've done, before they broke up, weeks before the Halloween party even. She's so grateful to have not lost it entirely that it's overwhelming. Once she doesn't feel quite so on the verge of tears, she pulls back enough that he can give her a searching look. Whatever he finds must be enough, because he wordlessly continues.

He unzips her skirt, carefully helping her step out of it and folding it over her desk chair like the rest of her clothes. He actually kneels to roll down her tights, and his fingers linger over her hip bones when he peels her panties down after them. He told her once that it worried him how sharp the cut of her hips was, how he worried about hurting her, about how she felt too delicate against him. She'd thought he was calling her weak then and had gotten upset, but she understands the sentiment now. She feels it when she sees the too dark circles under Steve's eyes, or the way Jonathan bites his nails down to the quick; powerless to fix them but wanting so badly to anyway.

Steve's breath washes against her stomach as he reaches out for her pajama pants, one big hand steady against her waist. He stays on his knees for moment after she's dressed, peaceful in a way she rarely gets to see, and she crouches down to kiss him chastely.

"Come to bed," she murmurs against his lips, and gently tugs him up to standing. For all the care he took in undressing her, he toes off his shoes and shucks off his jeans flippantly, crawling into her bed with her. She hopes the scent of him sinks into her sheets, clings until the next time he spends the night.

"Thank you," Steve says, barely more than a whisper as he slides in close, curls around her. 'You're welcome' comes up automatically, but she hates the way it makes this sound like something she only does because of him.

"I love you," she says, instead.

"My parents want you both to come to dinner next Thursday," Steve says a day later, already looking miserable and stressed about it. Jonathan reaches out to take his hand, pulling Steve off the lockers where he's pouting.

"It'll be fine, we can handle it," Jonathan's tone is placating, but Steve just seems to wilt even more.

"They're huge traditionalists," Steve groans, "And they're going to be really passive-aggressive and judgemental the whole time."

As much as Nancy wants to comfort him, she knows from experience this dinner won't be fun. Steve had taken her to dinner with his parents exactly once in the near year they had dated, and the whole night had been stiff and overly-formal, to the point where Steve had promised he'd do everything he could to make sure she wouldn't have to come again.

"We'll get through this," Nancy concedes, before Jonathan can speak again, "And then we can spend your heat together and you can forget all about the dinner, okay?"

Steve makes another miserable sound, and pouts the whole way to the parking lot. The kids are headed to the arcade, which means they're all crowded around Steve's car. Nancy can already hear the bickering starting about who gets what seat, and she blows a kiss at Steve with a little smirk as she slides into Jonathan's blissfully empty car. Jonathan is laughing when he shuts the driver's side door, and she just catches Steve's joking "you two always desert me!".

The first part of the drive to her house is quiet, and Nancy can see the contemplative look on Jonathan's face. She itches to get him to talk, but she also know she risks him shutting down if she pushes too much.

"We should start thinking about courting gifts, right?" Jonathan glances at her, and she hums a little while she thinks. She's thought about it some; courting gifts are generally considered a little outdated, and are usually only a thing for people who come from traditional alpha and omega structured families, so she'd always assumed they weren't something she'd do. Some people go all out for them, and Nancy remembers the omega girl who'd graduated her freshman year, who'd come to school glowing each time after receiving a gift. The idea of the gifts is pretty sweet, too, she concedes; six gifts, for interest, comfort, prosperity, integrity, protection and commitment.

"Do you want to do courting gifts?" she questions. Jonathan's family dynamic wasn't always the best, but unlike her, he did grow up in a more traditional family, at least until Lonnie left. She'd figured that would have turned him off of anything traditional, though.

"Steve would probably like them, and I know he wouldn't bring it up if we didn't do them, but it would be nice for him," Jonathan mumbles uncertainly, gnawing at his thumbnail, "If his parents are traditionalist, they'd probably like them too, might win us some brownie points."

"But do *you* want to do them?" she clarifies, and Jonathan goes quiet. Nancy moves a hand to rest on his knee while he gets his thoughts together.

"I don't- I don't care about all the stupid rules about courting and everything," he starts, with another cautious glance at her, and she nods a little to let him know she's listening. "I like the gifts, though. The idea of them, you know? I don't think we need to follow all the guidelines, but I like the gifts."

It still looks like it's bothering him, so she squeezes a little at his knee as he parks outside her house, silently prompting him to continue. He takes a breath, and doesn't look at her when he speaks again.

"Lonnie skipped out on the gifts with my mom, and that's part of why she married him, because she wanted to make my grandmother mad, and I know, I *know* ," he emphasizes, "that him skipping out on the gifts wasn't why he was an asshole and a deadbeat. I know that, I just-"

"You don't want to be like him," she finishes, and unbuckles her seatbelt to face him more fully when his breath hitches. "Hey, Jonathan, it's okay."

She moves gingerly across the center console to settle in his lap, tilting his face into her body and stroking a hand through his hair.

"We can do the gifts, okay? We'll make them work for us, we're going to have to play catch-up with the first gift, but we'll do this," she promises.

"We did miss the interest gift, didn't we?" Jonathan says, with a slightly watery laugh.

"Considering everything that's happened between the three of us, and

Steve presenting late, I think we can be forgiven for that one," she says, smiling a little when he finally untucks his face from her shoulder and looks up at her.

"Yeah, I bet Steve will let that one slide," Jonathan agrees, matching her small smile with one of his own. She kisses him once, gently swiping a thumb over his cheek.

"I've got to go in before my mom comes out and tries to get you to stay for dinner, okay? I'll see you tomorrow," she slides off his lap, opening the passenger door and grabbing her backpack.

"Hey, Nancy?" Jonathan calls, just as she's about to shut the door, grinning up at her, "I'm your mom's favorite, right?"

"Only because she hates Steve for taking her daughter's virginity," she answers honestly, just to watch his face go from teasing to surprise.

"Wait, I really am?" She shuts the door before he can finish the question, laughing when he honks at her out of frustration.

"You start track practices tomorrow, right?" Nancy ask Steve when he's standing at her locker the next morning. She already knows, she checked the school athletics schedule, but she wants triple check anyway. She and Jonathan have plans to finish his first courting gift tomorrow, and she absolutely doesn't want to risk him seeing it before they give it to him.

"First Saturday practice of the last sports season of my high school career," he says, Raybans sitting on his face despite being inside, "I guess that means you both are going to have to pay extra attention to me to make up for it, then."

He's smirking, even when she playfully smacks at his arm.

"We always pay attention to you. Really, I'm the only one who hasn't had a couple days where I get to be spoiled," she points out, completely expecting it when she turns back to shut her locker and he wraps both arms around her waist.

"Hmm, that is true," he kisses at the spot beneath her ear that makes

her go a little weak in the knees, "I don't know about days, but we do have an easily locked dark room at our disposal if you really feel the need to be spoiled right now."

"Can you really not control yourself at school," she teases, but twists around in his arms so she can kiss him properly.

"Oh, I can, I just don't want to," he says, but gives her one last squeeze around her waist and steps back.

"I'll call you tomorrow when Jonathan and I are back from our date," she says, and he smiles easily at her.

"I'll be waiting anxiously," he drawls, and pretends to catch the kiss she blows him as he walks away.

The next day, Nancy calls from Jonathan's house, flushed with excitement over the first gift the two of them are ready to present him with.

Steve doesn't answer.

7. Owner of a Lonely Heart

Notes for the Chapter:

warning for sexual assault in this chapter (not described in detailed, but referenced pretty heavily throughout the majority of the chapter)

He's not sure how long he's been in the shower for. Long enough that he's given up on standing, just sprawled out on the floor, leaned back against the wall in a way that would probably make him feel pathetic if he didn't already feel that way. The water's cold, and Steve thinks that if he didn't feel so numb, that maybe he would care more.

Instead, he'll take the freezing water if it'll just get the smell off of him. He can't- it's clinging to him, and no amount of scent neutralizing soaps and shampoos can get it to fade. His skin is red and raw where he's scrubbed at it, dark slashes like he could claw off his skin and get rid of it that way.

Faintly, he can hear the phone ringing, and he knows he should get out of the shower and go answer, but he also knows it's Nancy and Jonathan and how can he talk to them like this? Coated in another alpha's scent and feeling like he's going to vomit from the shame that wells up inside him. His head throbs in time with his heartbeat, he should go and choke down two of the chalky white pills the doctor gave him to help with the migraines, but he just sits.

(He can't control anything else in his life; can't control if he gets accepted in college, can't control when his parents are home, can't control his presentation or when it happens, can't control who fucking touches him.)

But he can control when he gets out of the shower and so he sits. He tips his head back and shuts his eyes when his vision starts to go dark around the edges.

He'll be fine. If he can get the smell off of him, maybe he can salvage his relationship with Nancy and Jonathan. Maybe they'll still let him hang around, even though they probably won't want him as their

omega anymore. (He'd understand, they shouldn't have to settle for an omega who'd let another Alpha rub up against them like Steve did. If he was better, he wouldn't have frozen and just stood there, would have done something to get Billy off of him before coach had to intervene.) He thinks he can manage if he can still just be near them, just soak up a little of their company every once in a while.

Nancy and Jonathan are so good, it hurts sometimes. If they decide after this that they want someone who deserves them, Steve will make himself okay with that.

The next thing he knows, there are hands on his face. He must have blacked out for a while, because the water is off and someone's touching him. Steve think whoever's touching him is saying something but he can't quite focus on anything with the way his blood is pounding in his ears. He forces his eyes open, and immediately shuts them again. Everything's too bright, too much right now.

He's pulled forward against someone, and he tries to get his limbs to cooperate, and he's not sure if he's trying to get away or get closer. He can recognize Jonathan's scent, and he's not sure what to make of that, but he's honestly exhausted so he lets Jonathan tuck him closer and support him while someone, Nancy, Steve can assume, dries him off gently.

"You're okay, it's okay, whatever happened isn't happening anymore." The words filter through the onslaught of sensation, and Steve tries to tether himself to them, let them pull him out of whatever this is.

He feels the two of them maneuvering him, getting him into his robe. It's old to the point where it takes him a minute to recognize his old scent on it. They're trying to get him up, and shit, he'd help if he could figure out how to work his legs right now. It takes a while to get back to his room, Nancy trying to lead while also trying to make sure Steve doesn't faceplant in the middle of the hall. It seems to take an eternity before they actually make it to his bed, and Steve realizes, somewhere vague inside him, that this is the first time he's had both

of them in his bed. There's nothing funny about the situation, but Steve has to quell a hysterical laugh anyway.

They're talking, Nancy and Jonathan, pressed up on either side of him. Just inane chatter that Steve still can't follow, so he lets himself drift. Savors the way this feels in case this is the last time he gets it. Jonathan's shirt is still damp under his cheek, and Nancy's hands are cold where she's holding his hand.

"It's a new bed," he can hear Nancy explaining, voice soft and intimate, "Bigger than his last one, for sure." He feels Nancy tilt her face more into him, and although she keeps talking to Jonathan, Steve thinks the next words are meant for him, "We fit good in it, don't we?"

"Presentation gift," he manages to croak out, and if Nancy and Jonathan react to his finally talking, they take great lengths to hide it, "Mom was pretty happy I was an omega."

Nancy hums against his neck, calm and reassuring. "It's like a gift for us too, yeah?"

"Yeah," he finds himself agreeing weakly. He swallows a few times, he doesn't want to ruin this moment, but he has to know why they're here, if they're going to leave. He'd rather get the pain over sooner, have more time to get used to the new normal. "Why are you guys here?"

"You didn't answer the phone. We tried a couple times, thought maybe you just weren't back from practice yet, but you keep not answering. We got worried, Nancy remembered where you keep your key, we wanted to come check on you," Jonathan explains, in that same soft smooth way he always talks.

Steve nods, that all makes sense why they came, he just can't figure out while they've stuck around.

"So you found me," he swallows again, forces his hand to relax where it's clutched in Jonathan's shirt, "And- and you aren't mad?"

Nancy sits up a little behind him, and Steve find himself already

missing the press of her against when she shifts to look more directly at him. She doesn't look angry, more just confused and a little upset. Steve's stomach churns.

"Why would we be mad?" She asks, and he doesn't know how to answer that. He can't read this situation, hasn't been able to since it started. (If she's being genuine, if Nancy and Jonathan really don't know, he could lie. Say it was a memory of the upside down and never have to tell them about Billy and they won't have to know how much of a fuck-up he is. But if they do know, it would be better to be upfront about it, right? At least have some semblance of control in how this all goes.)

They must know anyway. It feels like Billy scent is still all over him, they must have been able to smell it by now.

"Hey," Jonathan quiets, one hand moving up to cup Steve's jaw, thumb at his cheek. "You're scaring us. We found you barely conscious and practically scentless, we aren't going to get mad, just talk to us, alright?"

Steve stills. They didn't know, he could do it, he could lie and keep them longer. But what about the next time he sees Billy? He'll taunt them about it, Steve knows, and that'll be worse, because Steve lied to them and he let Billy close while he was in rut.

"Billy Hargrove scares the shit out of me," he starts, because he needs to them to know that this was a personal failing on Steve's part, not something they did. He'd seen the way Billy looks had changed from contempt to something different, something hungrier. He'd seen, and he hadn't done anything about it because he's always too chicken shit to fight back for himself.

"And I hadn't- I didn't know he was in track until I got to practice today," Nancy curls tighter around him, and Steve tries not to get to comfortable in her embrace. "He was in rut, and coach couldn't send him home because he could still run and there fucking rules against it, I guess."

He shuts his eyes, reopens them and focuses on the knit of Jonathan's shirt. He doesn't want to picture this next part.

"It was fine during practice. Everyone's too busy trying not to pass out during sprints to notice, but I hung around in the locker room after. Was gonna fucking do my hair or something stupid like that, it doesn't even matter now." He clenches his jaw, feels his teeth grind a little. The pain is good, grounds him enough to continue. "Billy hung around too and I didn't notice until he was- there. I just- I should have done something and I just *stood* there, fuck."

He wants to dig his nails into his palms, but he can't because Nancy's still holding one of his hands and the other is resting against Jonathan and there's no way to do it without them noticing.

"I just stood there, and I let him touch me, and the only reason he stopped was because coach came in to make sure the locker room was cleared out. It's my fault, and I get it if you guys are pissed. I shouldn't have-

" *Bullshit* ," Nancy practically snarls, and Steve flinches. He doesn't want to look at her, doesn't want to look back and see her wearing the same expression from the Halloween party, but Jonathan's carefully turning him over anyway, and Steve can't understand why they're still being so gentle with him.

"Steve," Nancy says, and he finally looks up to meet her eyes. She looks devastated, eyes big and rimmed with tears. "Steve, baby, none of that was your fault."

He tries to shake his head, because she's not getting it, but she cups both hands under his chin, holds him still.

"I mean it. If Billy had done that to me, or to Jonathan, or to anyone else, would you blame them?" He feels revolted at the idea of Billy touching either of them.

"No," he answers quietly, and Nancy curls her hands up into his hair, tucks him into her chest.

"Then it's not your fault," she finishes, and Steve lets out a shaky sigh. He knows, somewhere that everything she said makes sense, but he's spent his whole life being the common factor in everything bad that happens to him, he can't quite accept it.

"It's okay if you don't feel that way yet," Jonathan says, the first time he's spoken in a while. His hand curves tentatively over Steve hip, and when he doesn't pull away, Jonathan presses up close behind him, the rest of his words washing over Steve warmly. "It took me a long time after Lonnie left to realize what he did wasn't my fault, and sometimes I still think it is anyway."

"We're here for you, and we aren't leaving anytime soon, okay?" Nancy's face goes a little hesitant after that, "Unless you want us too?"

"Please don't," Steve says a little desperately, and Nancy sighs in what he thinks might be relief.

"We'll stay as long as you need," Jonathan confirms.

Steve falls sleep between them, lulled by Nancy combing her fingers through his hair and Jonathan rubbing gentle little circles on his stomach. They're talking again, the two of them, when he wakes up and Steve can feel it the next time Nancy speaks, little vibrations from underneath her delicate collarbones.

"We could still give it to him today, show him we're serious about this." Jonathan nods at her words against Steve's back.

"I just don't want to leave him to go get it," he says, grip tightening on Steve just a little before he relaxes.

"Go get what?" Steve slurs out, yawning at the end. The sun's gone down since the last time he was awake, and one of them has turned on the lamp on his bedside table, leaving the room washed in warm, yellow light.

"We have a surprise for you," Nancy explains, and scratches her nails against his scalp the way he likes. "Will you be okay if Jonathan goes to get it, real quick?"

There's an immediate swell of anxiety that even the little scritch-scratch of Nancy's nails doesn't quell. He forces it down; while he

doesn't want him to leave, Steve is confident at least that Jonathan won't bolt now if he hasn't already.

"Yeah," he replies eventually.

"I'll be right back," Jonathan promises, and presses a soft kiss to Steve's neck before extracting himself. Nancy curls tighter around him in response, helping him sit up in the time that Jonathan's gone. She rearranges his robe to make sure he's covered, probably more fussing than is necessary, but he's grateful for her keeping contact, keeping her attention focused on him. He wants to kiss her, but he's not sure that's something he can do right now, so he settles for leaning against her when she stands in front of him. Jonathan returns, and he tries to get a look at whatever's in his arms, but he's more distracted by Nancy sinking primly to her knees in front of him. His confusion only grows when Jonathan follows suit, although with none of the same grace.

"Steve Harrington," Jonathan starts, voice smooth and serious, "Will you accept, from both of us, this gift of comfort?"

Steve's breath catches in his chest, "You're courting me?" It's considered old fashioned, and Steve had just assumed neither of them would want to. But there's no mistaking the way the question was phrased, and the reason they're kneeling. And the gift that Jonathan's holding looks homemade, so they've obviously been working on this for a while. (And they still want to give it to him *now* is the part Steve really can't wrap his head around.)

"Yes," Nancy says simply, nothing in her face except earnest honesty.

"You're sure?" He questions again, wanting to believe them but not exactly sure how to.

"Yes, Steve, we're sure," Jonathan says, not without a healthy amount of fond exasperation. "Do you accept our gift?"

"Yes," he says, already nodding before he can remember the traditional response, "Yes, I'll accept this gift as a symbol of your comfort."

Jonathan places the gift in his lap, and it smells like them in a way Steve doesn't think is going to face for a long, long time. It looks like some sort a patchwork quilt, and it takes him a minute to recognize the fabrics it's made out of. Little squares of sheets and sweaters and pillowcases, all things their scents have sunk into and hold to even after being washed. He drapes it over his shoulders, and shudders at how it feels like their scents are enveloping him. It's wonderful, but he wants- (he squashes that thought, it's too much to ask from them and they've already done so much).

"I love you, both of you," he says, and slides off the bed to join them because he just needs to touch them, "Wish I could smell like you all the time." They both inhale a little too quickly at that, and Steve cringes inside. He hadn't meant to say that last part out loud and now they're going to think he's-

"We could scent you," Jonathan suggests, and he looks as nervous and flushed as Steve feels. It's like his heart's stopped.

"You would do that?" He asks, barely letting himself hope. Jonathan's already nodding, and Steve glances over at Nancy, who looks shocked. "Nance?"

Whatever thoughts she's caught up in, she shakes herself out of, reaching for his hand. "Absolutely."

It feels like he's sinking, but in the best way. Every swipe of Nancy's wrist over his skin combined with Jonathan carefully mouthing at the bonding gland on his neck pulls him deeper into bliss. He knows that physically it's not possible, but he imagines her scent sinking into his skin and molding to him. He's already coated in Jonathan's, the product of nearly an hour of Jonathan working to cover every inch of him. Neither of them are the type to half-ass things, so it shouldn't really surprise him, but he's still overwhelmed at how much *care* they're taking in this. Their scents should cling at least until his next heat, maybe past if he's lucky.

Nancy passes over his side, and instinctively he feels himself try and pull away from the ticklish sensation, until Jonathan sucks a little harder at his neck and he goes pliant again. He already expects he's going to have pretty impressive twin hickies from the two of them

once this is over (he doesn't really want this to be over ever, though).

"Thank you," He gasps out, in what might be the hundredth time he's thanked them since they started. Jonathan makes a shushing noise against his throat, followed by a careful scraping of his teeth over the sensitive skin.

" 'S'not just for you, you know," he murmurs, and his voice sends a jolt of heat down Steve spine. "You're ours, and now everyone's gonna know it. Gonna see you picked us, how good we are to you."

"Behave," Nancy chastises, looking up at them. "Both of you, I'm almost done."

Jonathan chuckles into his skin, and Steve tips his head back onto his shoulder so Jonathan can get back to work. He's been at least half-hard from the moment Jonathan suggested this, and he can feel Jonathan's dick pressing into his back through his jeans. He's a bit too venerable right now to feel that turned on though, so he just presses his hands into the blanket underneath him and lets himself enjoy the attention both of them are giving him.

All he can smell is them, any trace of Billy gone from his mind completely.

Nancy presses her hand flat against his stomach once she's done, crawling up the bed to kiss him thoroughly.

"Let's get you dressed now, okay." She kisses him once more, chastely, before pulling him off Jonathan and getting him standing. He still feels a little weak in the knees, and he's grateful when Jonathan helps steady him with a hand on his hip. Nancy grabs his clothes for him, and it warms something inside him to see how comfortable she still is in his room, the way she knows where everything is.

"It's getting pretty late, you haven't eaten since before practice, I'm guessing?" Jonathan asks and Steve is suddenly struck by how hungry he is. He doesn't like to eat before track practices, so he actually hasn't eaten all day, but he declines to tell Jonathan that. He'll just fuss if he knows, Steve thinks.

"I could eat," he confirms, and gets a squeeze around his middle from Jonathan. The conversation still for a while, as Nancy gets him into the rest of his clothes, and he's immensely grateful she seemed to have picked the softest ones available. His whole body still feels over-sensitive and a little raw, even though each little point of contact he has with either of them feels like a balm.

"Diner should still be open," Nancy suggests with a small grin.

"Perfect," Jonathan presses a kiss to her forehead, and squeeze Steve's arm reassuringly. "I should probably call my mom, let her know where I am. Do you want us to stay the night?"

Steve nods and Jonathan disappears out the door. Steve doesn't feel as unsettled over it this time, the scenting having calmed something deep inside him for now. Nancy laces her fingers with his and tugs him towards the door.

"Do you need to call home too?" He asks as he follows her down to the living room.

She shrugs, "No, if I call and ask my mom will say no, if I just say over and go back tomorrow morning, she'll be upset but she won't stop me."

She smiles at him when she's finished speaking, but her eyes look a little sad. Steve doesn't know how to reassure her, it's not like he has a great track record with his own parents. He just gives her hand a little squeeze and lets her pull him through the house.

A day later, the three of them are standing outside one of the only department stores Hawkins has to offer. Jonathan already looks uncomfortable, and Steve brings his hand up where their fingers are linked to press a kiss to the back of it.

"One outfit, and then I promise we can leave, okay?" Jonathan gives him a look that might be an attempt at a smile, and Steve will take it. He knows that Jonathan struggles with letting Steve spend money on

him, even for things like meals, so letting Steve buy him nice clothing is almost a step too far. But Steve is pre-emptively doing everything he can to get this dinner with his parents to go smoothly, so they'd compromised with letting Steve buy him an outfit for the night as long as it was, in Jonathan's words, "practical".

"Maybe if you really mope about it, you can get Steve to blow you in the car after as an apology," Nancy teases, a bright smile on her face. The other factor in getting Jonathan to agree had been buying clothes for Nancy as well, so Jonathan wouldn't feel like it was just because his family was poor. Steve had agreed easily, he really does have more money than he knows what to do with it sometimes, and it makes him feel good to spoil them the way they deserved.

"Let's just get this over with," Jonathan grouses, but dutifully follows them into the store. Steve lets Nancy go ahead on her own, he trusts her to know her style better than him, he just wants to see it when she tries them on. He leads Jonathan to the men's department, winding an arm around his waist when he starts looking more despondent.

He hands Jonathan a couple different pairs of black pants to try on, unsure about sizes, and rifles through a display of soft, high neck sweaters to find a few shade for him to try. All things nice enough quality that Steve's parents won't find fault in them, but close enough to Jonathan's regular style that he'll still feel comfortable in the outfit.

"See, not so bad," Steve soothes, when Jonathan makes a face at the clothes in his arms, "I just want to find something you'll like." He's just about to usher Jonathan towards the dressing room when a rack of coats catch his eye. The coat itself is almost like a trench coat, long and structured, made out of heavy black wool, wide flat collar and silver buttons up the front. Steve has a sudden, burning need to see Jonathan in that coat.

He gently shoves Jonathan in the direction of the dressing rooms, telling him he'll catch up in a minute. Jonathan huffs at him, but complies, and once Steve hears the dressing room door shut, Steve makes a beeline for the coat. It feels as luxurious as it looks, and Steve grabs the one he thinks will be Jonathan's size draping it over

his arm, and hoping his alpha will go for it. It does technically fit the 'one outfit' rule, but Steve also doesn't want to push Jonathan's limits more than he already has.

Nancy finds him as he's waiting for Jonathan to come out, and she runs a hand over the coat in his arms with a knowing smile that makes Steve flush.

"He'll look great in it," she says softly, and runs a hand over his arm. "I've got a couple things to try in a dressing room when you're ready, but I thought Jonathan might need a little extra encouragement first."

Steve nods in agreement, holding out his free arm for her to step under. There's a small frustrated groan from the dressing room before Jonathan opens the door. Steve takes him in, and feels his mouth go dry. He thrust out the arm with the coat in Jonathan's direction and blurts out "Put this on." Jonathan gives him an exasperated look but wordlessly does. The whole picture comes together, Steve feels his heart stutter and...

"Oh," Nancy breaths, and Steve agrees wholeheartedly. The cream color of the sweater softens his complexion, the collar of it peeking out above the neck of the coat. The black of the coat and pants looks mature and crisp, and the cut of the coat highlights Jonathan's frame. He looks like the kind of alpha romance novels are written about, serious and dashing and strong.

Steve's getting hard just looking at him, and he's not even ashamed about it.

"You have to let him buy that," Nancy says, voice strained, and Steve nods vehemently along with her. (Honestly, even if Jonathan said no, Steve would probably buy it anyway to hold on to until he came around. There's no way he's not getting to see Jonathan in it again.)

Jonathan still looks a touch mortified, but there's a pleased edge to it now, "Okay, yeah. I'll agree to this one."

Steve lets out a sign of relief, "Oh thank God."

"Don't get used to this," Jonathan warns, turning back into the

dressing room, but Steve waves him off. Once he's changed back into his regular clothes, he practically shoves the pile of clothes back into Steve's arms before hurrying along behind Nancy.

Getting Nancy's clothes is easier, and Steve gets a little thrill up his spine everytime she asks for his help zipping her into one. They settle on a pretty green one, all dark satin and demure sleeves, although Steve would have been happy to pay for any of them (all of them, really. He could probably go broke with how much he wants to spend on these two).

Nancy takes Jonathan out to wait while Steve pays, which is probably a good call because it ends up being a bit more expensive than he originally planned. He shoves the receipt into his wallet and grabs the bag the saleswomen hands him, and books it back out to Jonathan's car.

"So I was thinking," he starts, as he slides into the passenger seat, "I could cut practice on Thursday, and come help you guys get ready? If you want," He adds at the end.

"That would be lovely," Nancy says from the backseat, "Now, I've got to get home or my mom might actually come looking for me."

Steve buckles the lap belt, and reaches over to settle his hand over Jonathan's on the gear shift. Part of him thinks that this is just a lull before another disaster happens, but here, with both of him, he'd like to believe this is how it's always going to be.

Notes for the Chapter:

one more chapter that's going to cover the dinner
(and all the drama thats going to come with that)
and then we finally get to steve's heat! if you were

looking for porn, sorry, this chapter wasn't for you, but never fear, you'll be rewarded for your patience soon!

also, after steve's heat, i'm only expecting a few more chapters. i was thinking about doing two little accompanying stories, one for jopper and one of the kids presenting (set more in the future and with less smut) so lemme know what you guys think! (there also might be a sequel, idk yet, things are up in the air).

8. Just What I Needed

Notes for the Chapter:

whoa boy this is a long chapter, but i promised one more chapter before steves heat, so it's all getting posted in one piece. enjoy! check the end notes for some questions about the future of this fic pls

It takes him until fourth period on Monday to realize that Nancy and Jonathan are kind of... guarding him in between classes. It's pretty easy to just pass it off as being overly affectionate for the first half of the day, but Steve knows the two of them have fourth period together on the opposite side of the school from his class. Yet they both still walk the whole way with him, Jonathan's fingers brushing against his thigh every now and again. He's not sure how he feels about it, exactly. On one hand, it makes him feel like they think he's too weak to take care of himself (which he knows isn't fair to them), since Billy's not even at school today and the scenting seems to have stopped anyone else from messing with Steve in his absence. On the other hand, if the two are then are willing to risk getting tardies to walk with him, he's not going to complain.

At the very least, having them around feels stabilizing as the effects of the suppressants start to wear off. His senses are all going haywire, and he'd preemptively taken his migraine meds this morning in an attempt to stave off the headache he can already feel forming. Each class period seems to crawl by, and by the time it gets to lunch, he kind of just wants to curl up in the back seat of his car and take a nap.

Fuck, he shouldn't have used suppressants this early; the doc had only agreed to prescribe them because technically Steve is old enough for them, despite the fact that he didn't meet the 5-heat requirement. It's throwing his whole cycle off, even just the short term use, and he was already exhausted all the time before. He doesn't regret it, but shit, he just wishes he could get back on track faster.

He doesn't go out to his car at lunch, but he does lay his head down

on the table and doze while Nancy and Jonathan eat lunch. The cafeteria isn't exactly the ideal place for a nap, but it works decent enough, and he gets to spend the whole time with Nancy's hand warm on his knee.

He's still pretty blurry when they wake him up, and he's about halfway down the hall before he realizes Jonathan's arm around his waist is guiding him somewhere that is distinctly not his next class. (In his defense, he was pretty distracted by Jonathan's arm around him, because Jonathan isn't big on being outwardly physical in public, and Steve loves the way Jonathan curls his fingers into Steve's belt and-)

He really needs to get a hold on this whole 'fantasizing about his alphas and not paying attention to his surroundings' thing (and shit, it's like going through puberty again except instead of everything giving him a boner, now everything gives him a boner and makes him feel all warm and mushy inside too). He's inside the nurse's office before he realizes it, and maybe he should protest but he really does just want to sleep for a couple hours and it probably won't help his teachers' opinions about him if he falls asleep during class. In hind sight, it maybe wasn't that great of an idea to take his meds without an actual migraine.

Jonathan gets him settled on a cheap cot that smells a little too strongly of disinfectant, and rubs his hand over his shoulder comfortingly.

"Are you just tired, or do we actually need to be worried about something?" Jonathan asks, eyes concerned. Steve can see Nancy behind him, all wide-eyed worry, and the school nurse beside her, who's looking at him in a way that's both sympathetic and unimpressed, and Steve's pretty impressed she can manage that.

"Tired, no more suppressants," he yawns, "Didn't think about the side effects."

Jonathan scrubs a hair through his hair and lets it rest on his jaw for a moment, and Steve soaks in the warmth of his palm and the way he can smell Jonathan so clearly even over the other scents in the nurse's office.

"Okay, we'll come get you after school," Jonathan says, and crouches down so he's closer and can speak a little softer, "I'm really glad you're off of the suppressants now."

"Yeah, me too," Steve yawns again, and Jonathan smiles softly and stands back up so Nancy can take his place. She perches on the edge of the cot and looks down at him, fondly exasperated. She doesn't say anything, just holds his hands for a second while he tries to stay awake.

They both move to leave, and the nurse steps into his space, shoving a thermometer at him and hrmming a little at him.

"Last time I saw you, you were very adamant she wasn't your girl," the nurse says, and Steve rolls his eyes.

"Yeah, yeah, you called it," he mumbles around the thermometer.

Monday nights are always reserved for dinner with Dustin and his mom. The Henderson household ranks in probably like, the top five of Steve's favorite places in the world. Sure, his first encounter with it wasn't the best memory, but it's pretty great otherwise. It's warm and inviting and Claudia always jokingly complains that Tews likes him best and it makes him feel at home in a way he hasn't felt in his own house for a long time. It doesn't hurt that Dustin uses Steve coming over for dinner as an excuse to encourage his mom to make her best desserts, so Steve always leaves over-stuffed and very happy.

"Hey, Steve," Dustin says, after dinner. It's just the two of them sitting lazily in Dustin's living room; his mom had begged off to her room after one too many glasses of wine with the meal (and yeah, Steve knows that she only does this when he comes over because she knows he'll keep an eye on Dustin, and he feels oddly proud of that fact).

"What's up, man?" Steve answers, and looks over from where he's sprawled sideways in one of the armchairs. Dustin fidgets for a moment, flipping through the comic on his lap while he stalls.

"Do you like being an omega?" He says after a while, finally meeting Steve's eyes. Steve's taken a little aback, because he's never really

thought about. Presenting had just kind of... happened and this is how he is now.

"Yeah, I guess," he shrugs, "Some people are assholes about it, but I guess I like it better than before."

"Better than when you were a beta, right?" Dustin questions almost immediately after Steve's finished talking, and Steve swings his legs off the arm of the chair to sit up fully and face Dustin, ignoring when Tews makes little protesting yowls at the change in position.

"It's not like I was really a beta to begin with, you know," he explains, "I was just kind of- not an omega yet."

Dustin sighs heavily, still looking frustrated, and Steve frowns a little. "Hey, come on, what's really up?"

Tews resettles on his lap and starts to purr while he waits for Dustin to come clean, and Steve absent-mindedly strokes a hand over the warm little body.

"All my friends are going to present and I don't know if I will and I don't wanna get left behind," Dustin says finally, and Steve frowns more. "It's just, anyone can see Max and Lucas and Mike are all going to be alphas, and Will's going to be an omega, and El's obviously going to present as *something* after everything she's been through. And it's dumb, but I know I'm not gonna be an alpha, but I just don't want to be the odd one out." He paused and then adds bitterly, "Again."

Steve slides off the armchair onto the floor, once again ignoring Tews' little chirp of annoyance, and pats the space next to him (so he doesn't blame the Henderson's for not having a full couch, but also it's kind of killing his big-brother/mentor vibes right now). Dustin huffs a little, but abandons his comic and flops onto the floor next to Steve. He throws an arm over Dustin's shoulders and pulls him into his side, ignoring the weird wave of *minesiblingpupmine* that happens. Probably just another side effect of the suppressants flushing out of his system.

"Listen, you're the coolest kid I know," he kicks at Dustin's leg when he rolls his eyes, "I'm being serious, dipshit. You're a cool dude, and

no matter what your designation ends up being, that's not going to change, okay?" He ruffles Dustin's hair and pretends he doesn't notice it when Dustin tucks his face into Steve's shirt and inhales. Claudia, as amazing as she is, is still a beta, and there's something about omegas that Steve has found out just makes kids comfortable.

"And maybe you're right, maybe all your friends present that way, and if Mike is anything like Nancy, that's going to be a shitshow, but they're still going to be your friends." Steve sits for a while longer, letting Dustin lean into his side until he sits up on his own. He yawns one too many times while waiting, and he passes the cat off and stands up to head home. Dustin stand up with him, Tews squirming in his grasp, and surprises Steve by pulling him into a hug.

"Thanks, Steve," he says, voice muffled by Steve's jacket.

"Anytime, man." He clasps Dustin's shoulder and pulls away. "Anytime."

Billy comes back to school Wednesday, and Steve skips homeroom to chainsmoke behind the school, but otherwise he thinks he handles it pretty well. It probably helps that Nancy and Jonathan keep up with their new found habit of walking him to class and that the three of them spend lunch tucked away in the dark room. Forty-five minutes of Nancy playing with his hair while Jonathan feeds him and pets at his sides goes a long way towards making Steve forget about Billy, at least for a while.

Gym is the first time Steve really begins to panic, because neither Nancy or Jonathan are with him, and he doesn't really know if he can handle being in the locker room with Billy, even with other people around. Billy never even gets close to him, although he spends most of gym glaring at Steve from wherever he is. And he can't figure it out until he catches Billy moving towards him at one point and watches Tommy shove at his shoulder until he backs off. Tommy meets Steve's eyes at one point, and nods once, sharply. The rest of gym goes by the same way, and through the rest of his rather unremarkable day, Steve keeps thinking about it. He cuts the last five minutes of final period to slip past Jonathan and Nancy and head out towards the spot under the bleachers where he knows Tommy and

Carol hang out after school.

"What do you want, Harrington?" Tommy calls when he sees him, an arm around Carol's waist and thankfully no Billy in sight.

"To say thanks," he shrugs, playing at being casual. Truth is, he hasn't talked to either of them since the whole incident with the theater marquee, besides insults, and he's kind of freaking out. They were his best friends for most of his life, and yeah, they were assholes sometimes, but so was he, and he misses them. "You did me a solid today, man."

"I would've done it for anyone, you aren't special," Tommy says, but when he pulls out his cigs, he offers one to Steve. He takes it like the peace offering it is. Carol holds out a lighter, and Steve leans in when she flicks it on.

"Still, you didn't have to." Tommy eyes him critically for a moment before shrugging.

"Don't know what you did, but Hargrove's been after you since you presented," Tommy takes drag and adds, "You might not be my favorite person, but I'm not gonna let some asshole mess with you just because you're an omega now."

"So, you ever going to actually apologize for dropping us for the princess even after she dumped you the first time, or are we just gonna stand here and talk around it?" Carol asks, one eyebrow raised in her perfected expectant expression. Steve coughs a little on his exhale, and Carol smirks at catching him off guard.

"I'm not sorry about yelling at you guys, but yeah, I'm sorry about not doing anything after," he says finally.

"Well, you were so whipped, we kind of expected it. Wheeler must be real good in the sack if you're back with her again, though," Tommy says, and Steve feels a little knot of discomfort form in his shoulders.

"And Byers, too. Last I remember you had a lot to say about him, and none of it was good. Must be a really pretty knot he's got for you to sit on," Carol adds, and Steve tosses his cigarette down and snuffs it

out with his heel.

"And I'm down with this conversation now," he says, turning to leave when Carol grabs his wrist and yanks him into a rough hug.

"Hey, don't be a stranger, asshole." His face ends up pressed into her hair, the familiar scent he hasn't been around in a while smothering his senses for a second, all sticky sweet bubblegum and citrus. There's a wave of nostalgia with it, and he wraps his arm around her back briefly before she releases him. Tommy clasps him once on the shoulder, and nods in agreement with his girlfriend.

"And hey Stevie!" Carol calls, as he's leaving to head back to his car, "Those two hurt you again, I'm here to kick some ass."

Steve laughs, turning back to flip both of them off, but also a little lighter knowing she really does mean it.

The next day goes by, and all too soon, Steve finds himself in Jonathan's room helping him get ready for the dinner with his parents.

"So this is another thing for you, like the whole spending money thing?" Jonathan questions, and Steve flushes where he's laying out Jonathan's clothes for him. He runs his finger over the sweater on the bed and shrugs his shoulders unsurely.

"It's not exactly the same I guess," He keeps parsing everything out on the bed so he doesn't have to meet Jonathan's eyes. "Like, buying things for you guys, seeing you wear the clothes I pick out, I like that stuff. I like it a lot actually." His face heats up more when he catches sight of Jonathan's bare torso and the towel wrapped around his waist.

"But this is, I don't know, it's different. I just feel better after it," he explains, and hastily adds, "It's not a sex thing. Nancy thought that for a while, but it's not. It's just- it's different." Jonathan takes his hand when he's quiet again, running those gorgeous artist fingers over Steve's palm for a minute.

"Hey, no judgement from the guy who likes to pick out what you eat," Jonathan says after a minute, a bit too self-deprecating for Steve's taste, but he's already standing up and undoing the careful wrap of his towel and Steve forgets about it (although, that's not really his fault. Jonathan naked would be enough to distract anyone).

It's different doing this with Jonathan. With Nancy, it's all dim lighting and quiet breathlessness. The two of them have a rhythm worked out, and there's always the promise of getting to curl up into each other right after and go to sleep. This feels more exposed, but it also makes him more aware. He notices the way Jonathan's stomach jumps when Steve does up his belt, and the way Jonathan's fingertips hover over his skin, not like he's scared to touch but just like he doesn't want to disturb Steve while he does this. Steve hooks the first two fingers of each hand into Jonathan's waistband and tugs him close when he's finished.

"You look so good," he sighs, and Jonathan's hands slide over his hips, sure and strong.

"All thanks to you," Jonathan laughs lightly, pressing a kiss against Steve's neck where the bruises from the scenting are just barely visible still. "You should probably go help Nancy now, after all, you've still got to get ready yourself."

Steve tilts his head until he can catch Jonathan's lips with his, and Jonathan obliges easily enough, gently pushing him away after a couple of seconds.

"I'm serious, you've gotta go, it's almost five and you told us six-thirty for dinner," Jonathan rubs his thumb over Steve's hip before letting go.

"Please don't be late, my parents will crucify you," Steve pleads, shrugging into his jacket.

"We won't," Jonathan promises, and Steve looks him over one last time, feeling warm inside.

He twirls his key ring around his finger as he walks through the Byers house, waving to Will through his open door. He's never really

connected with Jonathan's little brother the way he has with the rest of the little shiteheads, but the kid's always been pretty chill with Steve coming over and he never complained when Steve used to babysit when Joyce was working and Jonathan was out with Nancy.

The drive over the Nancy's gives him a little time to think. Helping Jonathan get dressed had helped settle some of his nerves, but his stomach still churns when he thinks too much about the dinner to come. It's not that his parents are awful people or anything. Well, his dad is an asshole, but his mom is pretty great.

It's just that in the past couple of years, the business trips have picked up in length and frequency (and of course his mom goes everytime now that Steve can take of himself) and any girl he's brought home has been treated more like a potential employee at an interview than a girl meeting her boyfriend's parents. And with how much his parents believe in the Alpha/Omega family structure, Steve knows tonight is going to be worse. His parents are only home for a few nights this time, and it sucks that one of them is going to be ruined by this dinner.

Nancy's waiting for him at her front door when he pulls up, and a thrill shoots through him at the reminder she's *his* again, that he actually gets to do this. He parks on the side of the street and runs up to her, maybe a little too eager but worth it when he gets to wrap an arm around her waist and draw her close.

"My mom's out at the store with Holly, Mike's over at the Hopper's place and my dad's still at work," she says, sliding a hand over his cheek and pulling him in for a kiss that leaves him a little dazed. "We've got the house to ourselves for at least half an hour."

She yanks him inside and he stumbles up the stairs behind her. He's only been up to her room the proper way a handful of times, and they've had to keep the door open each time, but now he shuts the door soundly behind him and locks it. She's on him in a second, mouth warm and slick against his and he almost slides a hand into her perfectly curled hair before he catches himself.

"Nance, we've got to finish getting you ready," he says, pulling away reluctantly. She huffs out a little breath and lets go of his jacket like

she doesn't really want to.

"I know, you just smell so *good* all the time," she groans, moving back towards her bed and sitting on the edge.

"Yeah?" He asks, moving to kneel between her knees. He starts untucking the shirt she has on, moving to kiss at the newly revealed strip of her stomach.

"So good, Steve," she repeats, breath hitching when he unbuttons her jean. "You smell like me, and Jonathan, and with the suppressants gone, you smell like yourself finally. I just want to touch you all the time, *oh*." She trails off when he slides her jeans off and smooths his hands up her thighs. "Fuck, Steve, we've got to stop, I don't have time to shower again and I can't go to dinner with your parents smelling like sex."

"Before prom," he starts, standing up and pulling her up to stand with him, "We're revisiting this whole thing. I can guarantee we won't be the only people smelling like sex there."

Nancy laughs, steadying her hands on his shoulders while he works the buttons on her top. "And maybe before prom, we can revisit the moment where you asked, and get a real invitation."

"Shit," he mutters, pressing his forehead to hers, "I was really gonna sweep you and Jonathan off your feet, too."

"Hmm, I can keep quiet so you can still surprise Jonathan." She kiss him once, softly, while he pushes her shirt down off her shoulders. She waits for a moment as he moves to grab her dress off her closet door, and then turns primly around so he can unclasp her bra. She steps into the dress, and he can help running a finger gently up the expanse of bare skin on her back before he zips it up. He turns her enough that she can see herself in the full length mirror, and Jesus Christ, she takes his breath away.

"You're unreal," he murmurs, taking a moment to admire the way the dress cuts in at her waist, how tiny and delicate she looks against him, such a huge contrast to how strong he knows she really is.

"You're sweet," she kisses his cheek, resting a hand over his on her waist for a moment, "I just have to finish my make-up, you can go if you need to."

"Nah," he shakes his head, settles on the bed and watches her fondly as she swipes something soft and shimmery over her eyelids. "I've got a couple minutes to spare."

He ends up having to speed home a little more than he usually does, but it's worth it for the extra time he got to spend soaking up Nancy's presence, just getting to look at her. (Thankfully, he manages to get out of her house before her mom comes home, he already has to deal with his parents tonight, he doesn't think he could handle Nancy's mom getting mad at him.)

He races up to his room and into the shower as fast as he can, and vaguely he notices that the house smells like pasta dough (and wow, it's been a long time since his mom's made pasta from scratch). He scrubs down in the shower perfunctorily, and takes a little extra care in washing his face to make sure any traces of red lipstick are gone (because, yeah, he also might be late because he and Nancy got distracted again once she finished her make-up). Doing his hair takes longer than it usually does, as he attempts to wrangle it into the softer, sleeker style his parents prefer. His hair is a bit too long now for it to work like it used to, but it looks acceptable once he's done, so he's counting it as a win.

Getting dressed is easy, he'd already laid out his best dress pants and the black collared shirt his mom brought back for him the last time she went to Italy (and, yeah, the whole 'buying things to show affection' does make sense when he looks at his family). The shirt is his mom's favorite, and he's not above wearing it to put her in a good mood. He doesn't bother checking in the mirror to see how everything looks together, he'd already done that the day before and he knows his mom will fix anything wrong when he gets downstairs anyway.

"Hi, Mamma," he says when he gets down to the kitchen, grinning when she turns around and he spots the apron splotted with flour and the red wine sauce she knows he loves. Working in the kitchen is

the only time Steve's seen his mother not look perfect, and it's his favorite place to be with her. Even underneath the apron, though, she's managed to keep her white dress spotless and he's almost certain she's been wearing the tall elegant heels she has on right now all day. "You made my favorite?"

"Of course, *tesoro*," she says, and combination of her familiar scent and the light Italian accent she still has relaxes the tense set of his shoulders against his will. She reaches out with the hand not minding the sauce and pats at his cheek warmly. "It's a big night, after all."

"I've brought girls home to meet you before," he says, and she hums before turning back to the stove.

"I know, you've brought this girl home to meet us before, haven't you?" Steve groans and leans back against the opposite counter.

"Mamma, please be nice, I really like these two," he pleads, and she makes that same hum again as she continues working.

"You brought alphas home, your father and I know how to handle this. Now, go wait in the living room, your father will be down soon, and I need to finish this," she sets the sauce spoon against the edge of the pot and turns to face him fully, putting both hands on his cheeks and pulling him down to kiss his forehead, "My gorgeous boy."

He sighs when she turns back, as much as he loves his mom, he doesn't feel anymore reassured after talking with her. If anything, he actually feels a little worse, and even the smell of homemade pasta isn't quelling it.

The dinner, like Steve expects, is a disaster. The first part of it goes okay, Nancy and Jonathan on either side of him, with his parents sitting across from him. Nancy's hand brushes over his knee every once in a while, and he actually thinks the night might go well. Mostly the conversation sticks to school and family (and Steve actually has to cut his mother off when she starts asking about how many siblings each of them has, and how they think they'll present), and the occasional question about how they like the food. And then it all goes to shit.

"So, Nancy," his mom starts, tone placid but eyes sharp enough to make Steve nervous. She takes a sip of her wine before continuing, "This is the second time you've gotten back together with Steve, correct?"

Nancy chokes a little on the bite of pasta she was taking, clearing her throat and dabbing at her mouth with a napkin before answering, "Um, yes, I wasn't sure if you remembered me."

"Well, I'm sure you're serious about him *this* time." His mother makes that same small hum that Steve is really beginning to hate, and he sees Nancy beside him getting ready to respond, and he shakes his head slightly. He's found it easier to just let his mother have the last word, and he knows Nancy is stubborn enough that things would get ugly fast.

"We're taking this very seriously, Mrs. Harrington," Jonathan says, steady and genuine, "We already have most of the gifts planned out."

His mother actually looks a little pleased at that, but she looks at Steve searchingly, "You didn't tell me they were doing courting gifts, sweetheart."

Steve swallows, but nods. "Just the interest and comfort gifts so far, Mamma, but I've accepted both."

"Obviously," her tone stays flat, but she sends him a small, pleased smile after that lets him know she's at least happy about the gifts, if nothing else.

His mom's questions continue, all in that same light, conversational tone, but getting progressively more pointed. Jonathan somehow stays calm, but Steve can feel Nancy getting more and more frustrated next to him. He sets his fork down a few times to take her hand and gently run his thumb over her knuckles, but the gesture probably isn't that comforting when Steve himself is so wound up and tense. But it's all bearable until Steve's father decides to join in the conversation.

"So you're Joyce Byers' kid, right?" He starts, and Steve feels all three of them tense a little.

"Yes, sir," Jonathan says warily.

"And you were brought up in her... faith, I'm assuming," Steve's father continues, and Steve sets his utensils down.

"I'm Jewish, yes, if that's what you're asking," Jonathan answers, his voice flatter than it was before.

"Dad," Steve says warningly, he has a bad feeling about where this line of questioning is going. Even his mom looks a little uncomfortable with where the conversation is headed.

"I'm just wondering, then," His father says, and this time Steve knows it's directed at him, "Why my son would bring you home, when he knows this is a good Catholic household?"

"We haven't been to church since I was in middle school, Dad, I didn't realize it was so important to you," Steve says through clenched teeth, and his father glares at him.

"It's a matter of taste, Steven," his father counters, and Steve clenches his hands in the tablecloth. This seems to be what discussions with his father always dissolve into lately. "I didn't say anything when you brought home a girl who'd already broken up with you once," he gestures at Nancy and Steve refrains from reminding his dad that he, in fact, had a lot to say then, "And then you bring her back *again* and add in this *boy* who's family is a really piece of work-"

"We're leaving now," Steve says abruptly, pushing back his chair from the table and standing up, "Thanks for the pasta, Mamma, it was wonderful. Sorry to cut this delightful dinner short."

He turns on his heel and exits the dining room, ignoring his father's 'Where the Hell do you think you're going?' and his mother 'Oh, darling, please stay', knowing Nancy and Jonathan will follow. If he looks back now, he think he might cry and he really doesn't need that on top of everything else. He swipes his pack of cigarettes and his lighter from his car once he's outside, and shuts the door as Nancy and Jonathan are coming down the driveway towards. Jonathan already has his car keys dug out of his coat pocket (and fuck, Steve's so upset he can't even appreciate how good Jonathan looks in that

coat).

"Where do you want to go?" Nancy asks softly, and Steve shrugs before running a hair through his hair.

"Anywhere but here."

"Fuck!" Steve exclaims, pacing back and forth in front of Jonathan's car where it's parked at the quarry. He lights up the second cigarette since they've arrived. "I can't fucking believe them."

"Steve," Nancy sighs, "We already told you, we aren't mad about it."

"Well, I fucking am." Steve runs his free hand through his hair anxiously, "I thought at the very least they'd stay civil but fuck!"

He accidentally brushes the cigarette against his other hand while gesturing and throws it down on instinct. Shit, that was the last one in the carton too. Jonathan gestures to him from where he's sitting in the hood of his car, and Steve goes to him, letting Jonathan wrapping his arms around him and breathing in Jonathan's steady, comforting scent. After a moment, Jonathan reaches into his pocket and fishes out another carton of cigarettes.

"Jonathan," Nancy starts, reproachfully, because Steve knows she hates that he smokes, but Jonathan just shakes his head.

"It's been a stressful night for all of us, I think you can let this one slide." Jonathan passes one to Steve and takes one for himself, and Steve brings his lighter up to light them both. Nancy sighs, but shifts closer when Jonathan wraps an arm around her waist.

"I'm not kissing either of you tonight," she grumbles, and Steve chuckles bitterly.

"Oh, so that wasn't already off the table?" He asks sarcastically.

"Hey," Nancy kicks at him, and he looks over at her balefully. "Your parents were assholes tonight, but you did everything you could to try and stop it. Besides, with what my moms says about you, I think we're even."

"That's not exactly making me feel better, Nance," Steve groans, taking another drag and tipping his head back onto Jonathan's shoulder.

"We aren't mad at you, Steve," Jonathan says, and his warm breath washing over his throat makes Steve shudder.

"How are you so okay with this? It's like you weren't even fazed during dinner, they got to Nancy," Steve ignores her sound of protest, because he watched her make a valiant attempt at snapping a fork in half earlier, "but it's like you're fucking impenetrable, man." Jonathan laughs a little under his breath, nosing along Steve's neck before answering.

"My mom might have warned me about how she thought tonight was going to go," Jonathan takes another drag before snuffing his cigarette out on the hood of his car. "It's apparently kind of, a tradition? I guess, to try and scare off potential relationships for omega kids. Sort of like a test, to see if they're willing to stick around."

There's a moment of quiet before Nancy smacks at Jonathan's arm.

"You didn't think to tell me any of that?" she cries, and Jonathan winces.

"Shit, I'm sorry, I didn't think about it in the moment," his hand rubs over Nancy's waist soothingly, "but I'm really glad you got us out of there when you did, though. I don't know if I would have been able to stay calm if your dad kept talking."

"Yeah, my mom's not usually like that, but unfortunately my Dad always is. I didn't think he'd bring up your religion though, the fucking bastard." Steve sighs, stomps out his cigarette and works his way on to the hood of the car with them, wiggling in between the two of them. They'd left so suddenly that while Nancy and Jonathan both grabbed their coats, Steve hadn't thought about grabbing his. Now that he's not pacing frantically, he's starting to shiver in the cool night air, and it does give him a great excuse to cuddle up with both of them.

"I think your mom might actually like me," Jonathan says once Steve's settled. "You didn't have to lie about the gifts, though. A lot of people skip the first gift now."

"If you had told her that you missed the first gift, I guarantee you'd know she *didn't* like you," Steve snorts, "and besides, maybe it wasn't technically a courting gift, but you guys made the bat, right? Can't think of a more fitting interest gift for the three of us than that."

"So we've been courting you for almost a year and a half with only two gifts to show for it," Nancy muses, "Either we're very bad alphas, or very good."

"Very good, always," Steve says, taking her hand in his. Her eyes soften, and she leans in to kiss his softly despite her earlier promise.

"And we've got the best omega to prove it, don't we, Jonathan?"

Jonathan nods against his shoulder, and Steve basks in the moment, before hesitantly bringing up the gifts again. "I know what the gifts are supposed to lead up to, but I just want you guys to know, I'm next expecting anything from you aft-"

"Shut up," Jonathan cuts him off, with a measure of fond annoyance. "We know what the gifts lead up to, and we talked about it. We have every intention of claiming you after the commitment gift, if it's still what you want."

"I already know I'm still going to want it, can't we just speed this up?" He jokes weakly, and Nancy moves closer, trails her lips teasingly across his cheek.

"We're aren't rushing this, Steve. We want to do this right, so we're going through all the gifts." He wraps his arms around her waist and pulls her so she's nearly in his lap. "Besides, after all the waiting, it's going to be so much better when we bond."

Steve goes to respond, but shivers instead, and Jonathan moves to slide off the car.

"Come on, it's still a school night, we should probably go home at some point," He pauses in opening his door, "Do you want to spend

the night at my house? I'm sure my mom would let you."

Steve wants to so, so badly, but his migraine medication is at his house, and he's going to have to face his parents at some point. It takes Jonathan's car a while to warm up, so he cuddles in the backseat with Nancy in the mean time.

"Hey, I told you we'd get through tonight, didn't I?" She smiles up at him.

"Barely, but we did," he concedes, and Nancy runs a hand teasingly over his thigh.

"So now we just get to look forward to your heat," she purrs.

"Just a couple days now, I think," he says, and she hooks an arm around his neck to pull him into a heated kiss.

"Hey, no distracting the driver, and that includes making out," Jonathan admonishes, grinning.

They pull back up to the front drive of his house, and Steve sighs.

"Thanks again, for doing this tonight." He presses a kiss to Nancy's hair, leans forward to kiss Jonathan's cheek. "I might need a ride tomorrow, there's a strong possibility my dad is going to confiscate my keys because of how I talked to him tonight."

"Just give me a call, I'll be there," Jonathan agrees easily.

"I know you will," Steve says, and finally makes himself get out of the car. Hopefully, his parents are both already in their room, and he won't have to deal with them tonight. He doesn't want to think about the dinner anymore, he just wants to wrap himself up in his alphas' scents, and pretend this night never happens. And thankfully, that's what he gets to do.

Notes for the Chapter:

also, after steve's heat, i'm only expecting a few more chapters. i was thinking about doing two little accompanying stories, one for jopper and one of the

kids presenting (set more in the future and with less smut) so lemme know what you guys think! (there also might be a sequel, idk yet, things are up in the air).

9. Crazy Little Thing Called Love

Notes for the Chapter:

this chapter is a little different as (unlike all the others) each of the trio gets a couple little sections from their perspective, because this is kind of the big climax of the story. which is also why this chapter is a fair bit longer than the others.

Steve falls asleep during the Campaign on Sunday. Well, before it, would be more accurate. It isn't until Dustin jabs him in the side hard enough to actually wake him up that he realizes he's missed pretty much everything going on.

"Go hang out with Nancy, we already figured how to rework the campaign without you," Dustin says, barely looking away from the dice to wave Steve off. Steve has to admit, between napping in a basement that smells stale chips and Nancy's bed that smells like her, the choice is pretty easy. "Son of a bitch, how did I only get a seven?"

Steve stands, and Jane sends him a soft smile while the others remain focused on the game. He heads upstairs, running into Nancy's mom on the way. The only parent he's ever meant who puts him on edge as much as his own is Karen Wheeler, although for different reasons. He's well aware that he's not her favorite person, not after everything that happened, and he does his best to avoid her, sneaking in through Nancy's window or ducking into the basement with Dustin as quick as possible. There's no way he's getting up to Nancy's room to nap now.

"Oh, Steve. I hadn't realized the boys had finished so soon," she says, and gives him a strained smile. He's about to correct her, but he remembers Max and Jane aren't actually supposed to be over considering they're girls and Jane technically is still in hiding.

"No, actually, I just got kicked out for falling asleep. You know how Mike is about planning out those things, no room for napping," he jokes lightly, and her smile gets a more genuine. "I was just gonna go say good night to Nance and head home until I need to pick Dustin."

There's an awkward moment of pause where Steve's unsure if she's actually going to let him upstairs or not, when she seems to remember something suddenly.

"Nonsense, I wouldn't want you to drive across town just to turn back," she struggles for a minute, before continuing, "Nancy's studying, I'm sure she wouldn't mind some company."

Steve blinks at her, before nodding, mostly in surprise. "Oh, right, sure." They both look uncomfortably at each other for another moment, before Steve heads upstairs, still trying to wrap his head around what just happened.

He knocks when he gets to Nancy's door, leaning against her door frame and taking in the quiet calm of her room. She's sitting at her desk, meticulously written notes spread out in front of her, and she turns back to smile gently at him.

"Hey," she says, tilting her head in a gesture for him to come in. He sprawls out on her bed, and inhales the scent of her while she watches him fondly. "Why are you up here and not down fighting orcs or whatever it is you do?"

Steve snorts, "You know, Mike told me you dressed up for one of their campaigns, I know you know more about D&D than you act like you do."

She rolls her eyes, standing up and moving to stretch out next to him on her bed. "Caught. But, you still didn't answer my question."

"I feel asleep while they were setting everything up," he wraps an arm around her waist and presses his face into her collarbones. "I think my preheat's starting, all I want to do is sleep," he finishes, stifling a yawn.

Nancy strokes her hands through his hair, and he feels his eyes start to get heavy again. "It was weird, I think your mom actually, I don't know, *wanted* me to come up here."

"I talked to her, about you and Jonathan and everything. Well, not everything, she still believes the whole Russian spy thing, but about

the courting and all that." Nancy pauses, tilts her face down into his hair for a moment. "I think she's trying, you know."

"I'm glad," he murmurs, and she presses a kiss to his forehead before sitting up.

"I do actually have to study," she says, "But you can stay here and nap until the kids are ready to go, okay?"

He nods vaguely, already drifting off against. She moves his head off where it slid down to her lap, and sits back at her desk.

"Come on, Steve, get up. Time to go back to playing Mom." Nancy shakes him awake, and Steve blinks the sleep out of his eyes. She looks so lovely above him that he reaches a hand up to pull her in for a kiss. Her mouth is soft and warm against his, and she pulls away after a few moments with an amused little laugh.

"My mom called down twice already, so the kids should actually be ready to go soon," Nancy explains while Steve sits up and swings his legs off the bed.

"I think," he pauses for a second, "I think if my preheat is starting tonight, then by tomorrow, probably, you and Jonathan..." he trails off.

"We'll head over after school, yeah?" She smiles at him, and he leans in to kiss her again, one hand resting on her thigh. She makes a little noise when she pulls away, trailing a few fingers delicately over his jaw. "I'm glad you wanted us there for your heat, Steve."

"I'm glad you want to be there," he responds, and she presses a light kiss to his cheek.

Steve's stopped paying attention to anything, really, when he hears the front door open. It shuts and Nancy calls his name, but all that comes out when he tries to respond is a weak whine. He just wants contact, to have them pressed against him, and it feels he isn't capable of functioning until he gets that. He's very aware of his clothes against his skin, not irritated by them, just conscious.

Footsteps head up the stairs, two sets, but only Nancy shows up in his doorway.

"Hey," she says softly, and Steve smiles in lieu of saying anything. She sits on the edge of his bed, strokes a hand over his face, and he shivers. "Jonathan's gonna take a shower, he was working in the dark room and doesn't want to accidentally get any of the chemicals in your bed."

He presses into her touch, and she takes it as the permission it is to move closer, sliding onto his lap and leaning over him. He goes pliant underneath her immediately. The weight of her, straddled over him, simultaneous settles and ignites something in him. He just wants her to touch him more, pet over his skin and quell the rising itch under it. Every point of contact with her makes him feel more like himself.

"Do you need anything right now?" She asks, and he nearly whines again when her hips shift a little on top of his.

"Just- just be here, talk to me," he says, "Touch me, please."

She laughs, softly and fondly, and runs her hands over his chest, rucking up his shirt in the process. "And what do you want me to talk about, hmm?"

"Anything, just wanna hear your voice," He arches up into her hands, needy, "Tell me about you and Jonathan."

She smirks at that, leaning in to nose at his throat.

"Is that so?" She murmurs, warm breath against his neck. "You want to hear about Jonathan and me? Just about our day?"

"Nance," he groans, both at her teasing and at her nipping at his shoulder. "Come on."

She hums again, playful, "Or maybe I could tell you about our first time? About how he touched me, how he kissed me." He's nodding before she's even finished, whimpering out little wordless pleas.

"He kissed me first, you know," she starts, laying more fully on him and linking one hand with his. Her hips roll down on his in gentle

waves, and it's perfect. Just enough for where he's at in his heat. "I thought he'd be more nervous, but oh, Steve, the way he kissed me."

Nancy moves her hands to cup his face, pressing her lips to his and licking into his mouth almost immediately, hungry and searching. He can almost see it, Jonathan kissing her like this, desperate to make it good after so long pining but still fumbling and inexperienced. All raw passion and rough edges.

"He got shy once we got into it, though. I got to show him how to touch me, how to make us both feel good, just like you did," she continues, and Steve's hips buck up unconsciously at the thought. Nancy under Jonathan, no fuck, on top of him. Guiding his fingers down to her center, pressing them into her while he tried not to lose control. Him marveling at how hot and slick she was, maybe even sucking his fingers after, licking her wetness off them just to get a taste.

"And then, at the end, you should have seen him, Steve. He fucked me like it was what he was born to do, just pure alpha, even though neither of us had presented." She groans as Steve sneaks a hand under her shirt to palm up over her breast. "He came all over my stomach, and it was someone flipped a switch, back to our Jonathan, all sweet and gentle and oh." Her head drops onto his shoulder when he thumbs over her nipple, and he can feel her wetness soaking not just through her panties but into his briefs too. He's been hard since mid-morning, but for the first time he can feel the tell-tale beginning of slick begin leaking out of his hole.

"I bet he's going to be like that with you, his first time getting to be inside you. And then you'll take his knot and you're going to feel so good, baby, we're going to make sure you feel amazing." Nancy's rocking harder on his lap now, and he shifts to press both feet into the mattress so he can push up and meet her each time.

It's the first time he's really thought about it, but Jonathan's actually gonna fuck him this time. He's going to *knot* him, Jesus Christ. They haven't even had time for Jonathan to fuck him outside of heat, any time the three of them can get alone together better suited to mouth and hands than taking the time to have Jonathan open him up enough to go all the way.

"You're gonna tie me, right?" He asks, just on the edge of insecure. (He knows, that it's the whole point of them being here, but maybe she just wants to watch Jonathan fuck him, this time, and he's not going to complain, he just wants her here).

"Of course, Steve. God, I've wanted to tie you even before I presented," she groans, and bites at his jaw sharper this time. "I kept waiting for you to present while we were dating, kept hoping, I just knew. And I was right, eventually. You're so perfect, Steve, so perfect for us."

"Nance," he manages to grit out, a plea for something he isn't sure of.

"What do you need, baby?" Her mouth is pressed up against skin, and he can feel every word.

He pants, grips at her indiscriminately, before whining. "Please."

They're both dozing when Jonathan enters the room, clothes rumpled, with Nancy's panties on the floor and Steve's mouth still glistening with her wetness. He's not entirely surprised, he and Nancy could already smell Steve's heat permeating through the house when they'd gotten there, and he'd definitely noticed the spike in pheromones from across the hall. He also can't be mad, considering he jerked off in the shower thinking about the two of them, so all of them are at least one orgasm in.

He is considerably more naked than either of them, with just a towel wrapped around his waist, so he sets about getting them at least partially naked. It feels weird to completely strip them while they're asleep, but he does work Steve's shift off over his head, and gets Nancy out of her shirt and unbuttons her skirt so it isn't cinched so tightly on her waist. Then he crawls in on Steve's other side, tucking in close so he can breath him in. He loves Steve's scent on any given day, but it's been a while since he's been around his heat scent. And his own scent is still layered into Steve's, Nancy's too. He smells- he smells right. Like what Jonathan imagines he'll smell like after they bond him.

Steve makes a couple of tired noises while Jonathan adjusts him, and

Nancy cracks an eye open to look at Jonathan over his shoulder.

"Hi," she sighs, and he reaches out to gently brush a hand over her waist in greeting.

"Hi," he says back, in the same soft tone, and watches her smile.

"You smell good, smell clean. Good shower?" she asks, and he shrugs.

"Fine. Just glad I got the chemicals off, didn't want them irritating him while he's so sensitive," Jonathan explains, and he feels Steve's hand reach back to pet over his thigh.

"So considerate," Steve mutters sleepily, and Jonathan chuckles against his shoulder, pressing a firm kiss there.

"I try my best," Jonathan says, and Steve tries to stifle a yawn in Nancy's hair. "You can go back to sleep, I wouldn't mind a nap myself before we kinda lose you, you know?"

Steve nods, but tugs at the towel Jonathan's wearing before slowly trying to wriggle out of his briefs. Jonathan takes the hint, lifting his hips to get the towel underneath him and toss it on the floor before helping Steve get equally naked. On Steve's other side, Nancy is shrugging out of her bra before moving to completely unzip her skirt. Logically, Jonathan already knew she wasn't wearing anything underneath it, but it still takes his breath away to see it the fabric slink off her hips and leave completely bare skin behind.

He feels his cock chub up a little against his leg, and Steve makes a considering sound, pressing back a little.

"Don't start," Jonathan warns quietly, and Steve snorts under his breath.

"Hey, I'm not the one getting randy," he shoots back, but it's tired and hushed. Jonathan presses another kiss against his skin, lets his face stay there so he can smell Steve completely unhindered. He thinks that's the end of it, until Steve presses back just a little bit more and turns his head towards Jonathan. "I did get all slicked up thinking about you earlier."

Jonathan groans while Steve laughs. "You fucking brat."

Jonathan wakes up later to Steve rutting against his thigh and the smell of slick. The last time he smelled it, he'd been in rut and too far gone to really remember, and the time before that he hadn't presented yet so he'd hadn't fully been able to appreciate it. Now, well now he can completely understand why Nancy had nearly gone feral over it. If it weren't for his own scent so basely intermingled with Nancy's on Steve's skin, he guesses he maybe would go feral himself.

"Steve," he says, questioning, and repeats himself when Steve barely responds. This heat is setting a whole lot faster than his first did, because Steve's eyes are already glazed and when Jonathan goes to cup his jaw and get him to focus, Steve turns to catch his fingers in his mouth. "Oh, you're real deep in it, aren't you?"

Nancy's blinking into awareness on Steve's other side, sleepy and beautiful. "Is he okay?"

Jonathan nods, and the worry that had subtly creased her face disappears. "He's pretty gone, though. Quicker than I expected."

"It's a full heat this time, right? So it'll be different then when he presented. Longer, harder, and we probably jumpstarted it more by being here," Nancy reasons, and Jonathan nods along with her, swiping his fingers along Steve's tongue before pulling them out even as Steve whines.

"I meant to ask him about his last heat before all this, but with the dinner and everything, I just forgot. I don't want to hurt him or anything," Jonathan worries, and Nancy gives him a reassuring look.

"We talked about this before, Jonathan. We know what we're all okay with, and what Steve wants, and we'll keep each other in check." Her tone is soothing, and that combined with Steve eagerly pushing against him is enough to ease his worry, at least for now.

He tilts his head enough to capture Steve's lips, and the omega lets out a happy noise at the kiss. Jonathan pushes more, letting his

tongue follow the same pattern his fingers had moments ago and urging at Steve's shoulder until he lays flat on his stomach on the bed. He sees Nancy shift higher up on the bed so Steve can hide his face in her side the way they know he likes to when he gets overwhelmed.

Jonathan trails a line of kisses down the lean expanse of Steve's back, massaging at the tight muscles around Steve's lower back. He's only done what he's planning on doing one other time, back in the middle of Steve's first heat when everything had gone hazy and dreamy, and it's more intimidating now. Kneading at the tense muscles gives him a little time to quell some of his anxiety, and has the added bonus of getting Steve sighing and quietly moaning.

Once Steve is a pliant pile of hitching breath and arousal, Jonathan moves lower, settling between his legs and breathing in the scent of him where it's most potent. Hesitantly, he spreads Steve open, running the pad of his thumb over his hole. Steve lets out a little cry, and Jonathan looks up to see Nancy settling a hand on the back of his neck and tucking him into the curve of her hip. There's a red flush spreading over Steve's skin, over the back of his shoulders and arms.

Still hesitant, Jonathan replaces the gentle sweep of his thumb with his tongue, and Steve's body goes tight like a live wire. Jonathan can't fully describe the taste of him, musky and rich on his pallet, but he wants *more* and he goes in again and again. It's not all that different from going down on Nancy, and he has a feeling he wouldn't like it as much if Steve wasn't in heat, but he can tell it's driving Steve crazy and that by itself makes it worth it.

He adds his fingers in, and a shudder runs through him at how easily Steve stretches around him. Two fingers glide in with barely any resistance, and adding in a third after a few seconds goes the same. When he thinks Steve's had enough prep, he pulls his fingers out and urges Steve up onto his knees.

The nerves are back, as he looks at Steve, eager and loose-limbed. He and Nancy had talked this out, and decided on Jonathan going first, but now he almost wishes he'd let Nancy go before him. God, they haven't even had sex yet, and now Jonathan's going to knot him. He takes in a deep breath, spreading one hand out on Steve's lower back

and lining himself up.

He has to stop after just getting the head in, Steve's so tight and hot that he's nearly overwhelmed by it. He takes in a shaky breath, shutting his eyes and trying to keep control. Nancy's fingertips brush against his, and she links her fingers loosely with his when he opens his eyes to meet her gaze.

"Just like that first time with me, okay? Go slow, and breath." Her voice is calm in a way that Jonathan knows is forced, but it does the trick regardless.

He rolls his hip slowly, sinking in a little at a time, stopping every once in a while to calm back down. When he finally bottoms out, he strokes over Steve back while he pants. Steve's hips are urging back on him, wordlessly pleading for more, and Nancy swipes her thumb over the back of his hand while he waits.

"You're so gorgeous, both of you," Nancy is cooing, "My beautiful boys, I'm so lucky to have you, I love you so much."

The words wash over him, as nonsensical as he assumes they are for Steve, but the soothing rhythm helps quiet his nerves. He rocks his hips, aborted little thrusts that he can quite help, until he finally thinks he's reigned in enough.

He's not going to last long, he already knows, thrusting long and slow into Steve. He can already feel his knot starting to fatten up, and he can tell Steve can too, by the way he starts rocking back to meet Jonathan more enthusiastically, babbling out short grunts and moans in a constant stream. He has to let go of Nancy's hand to steady himself on Steve's waist, putting his back into it and finally fucking Steve the way he's wanted to for a while.

When his knot finally catches, he blankets over Steve's back with a strangled moan. Steve's so *tight*, squeezing around his knot like a vice and Jonathan's so *close*. He can't pull out anymore, so Jonathan just rocks, feeling his knot tug at Steve's rim.

"Oh, shit, Nancy, I can't-" Jonathan starts, and she soothes a hand over his hair before gripping his chin and pulling his face up so she

can kiss him, forceful and demanding. His knot locks, he starts coming, and Nancy pulls away with a jolt.

"Fuck, Steve!" She exclaims, and Jonathan looks down to see the red imprint of Steve's teeth pressed into her hip. Steve's still milking his knot, so he can't really do much for her besides laugh a little at the ridiculousness of it. He doesn't think he's ever felt this good in his life, besides maybe that first time with Nancy when he'd had his first orgasm that wasn't with his own hand.

"Holy shit, Steve, you're so amazing," he praises, rubbing a hand over Steve's stomach. There's come splashed across it, and something in Jonathan preens at the knowledge that Steve came on his knot without being touched.

It takes Nancy's help to get them moved onto their sides, helping get the strain of Steve's knees. Jonathan noses into Steve's neck, and there's a moment where he can see it, how easily he could bite in over Steve's bonding gland. The idea's not as nerve-wreaking as he thinks it should be; it's almost calming, thinking about being bonded.

It mostly just feels right.

Steve comes back to them while Jonathan's still knotted to him, and Nancy catches every expression on his face.

"Feels good?" She teases, and Steve's eyes nearly roll back in his head.

"So good," he manages, and Nancy scoots closer to press against him. There's still a little bit of that haze in his eyes, but he's talking now, instead of just the mindless noise from earlier. She wishes she had something to compare this too, besides just his first heat, but he seems pleased and decently sated for now. "So much better with you guys here than before."

Nancy shushes him, because she really doesn't want to think about him, alone and struggling through his last heat by himself. They haven't talked about what that was like for him, besides some of the basic details about how long it went and so on. She just wants him to remember this when he thinks about his heats, safely between her

and Jonathan where they can monitor his fever and keep him fed and hydrated, and touch him as much or as little as he wants.

"You're never going to have to do this own your own again, not if you do want to," Jonathan promises, and Nancy nods against Steve's chest in agreement.

"Good, because I never want to give up this," she can't tell exactly what he does, but whatever it is makes Jonathan let out a choked off groan, "again."

"Okay, I've got to get out of you soon or Nancy's never going to get a turn," Jonathan grits out, and Nancy swats at Steve's chest when he just laughs.

"Stop teasing him, asshole," she scolds, but it's playful. Both of her boys make somewhat pained little noises when Jonathan's knot finally goes down enough for him to pull out.

"So I guess," Steve says, tilting his head down on the Nancy's and dragging a finger lightly up the length of her back in a way that makes her shiver, already trying to be suave and dashing like he wasn't just whimpering a few seconds ago, "that now it's your turn, isn't it?"

She kisses him once, soft and slow and deep, before pulling away. "Not quite yet. First, we're going to get some dinner in you before you get all heated up again, because Jonathan made us buy groceries before we came over."

Jonathan flushes over Steve's shoulder, and she reaches past Steve to pat his side. It sounds like she's teasing, but she's so grateful for him, and his steadiness. Her parents don't know anything about alpha/omega relationships, and she wouldn't ask them even if they did, and having Jonathan there to fill in all the gaps in her knowledge is really the only reason she hasn't panicked more about all of this.

"I didn't- I know your parents are out of town again and I didn't know what you'd have in your fridge," Jonathan says, a touch humiliated, and Steve grabs his hand and holds it close to his chest.

"You're amazing," he says quietly and genuinely.

Nancy sets her hand over theirs, "You are."

The three of them bask in the moment for a while, Jonathan hiding his face in Steve's shoulder, Nancy rubbing at his knuckles, tapping her fingers lightly on Steve's chest.

The breaks between the waves in Steve's heat are longer, significantly, than his first. There's enough time for Jonathan to actually make food, although it's just macaroni and cheese on the stove-top, and they eat it tucked together on Steve's couch in their underwear rather than at the imposing dining table.

Steve wolf-whistles and teases while Jonathan's cooking, leaning against the kitchen counter and darting in to steal quick kisses every time Jonathan turns away from the stove to retaliate. Nancy watches both of them fondly, perched on the counter and wrapping her arms around Steve's shoulders to hold him in place while Jonathan finishes cooking.

She doesn't know what it is about these times that makes everything work so much better, but everything's just... smoother. She wants this, all the time, with a fierceness that aches, to just be around them and not have to think about monsters, or dead best friends, or absent parents, or the world ending. Sometimes she wonders if heat or rut is the only time she's going to get to feel like a normal teenager again.

"Hey, you okay?" Steve asks, and she snaps out of her thoughts. Steve's looking at her with concern, Jonathan momentarily paused in stirring the pasta, and she tries to smile reassuringly at both of them.

"I'm good, just got a little lost in thought, I guess." They stare at her for another minute, and she presses a kiss to the side of Steve's head. "We can talk about it later, alright? I'm starving."

The thoughts don't completely go away with that moment, not even sprawled on the couch with her bare legs thrown over Steve's lap and Jonathan rubbing absentmindedly at her ankle, but they lessen enough that she can laugh along when Steve tries to balance his bowl on her shins and instead causes it to topple onto the floor.

Nancy is completely unsurprised when Steve starts stripping his clothes off before he even gets fully up the stairs. He's always been shameless in his own nudity, and the haze that she's starting to become familiar with has started glossing over his eyes again by the time they finish eating. Her and Jonathan take the steps slower, scooping up Steve's t-shirt and boxers on the way. When they finally reach Steve's room, he's starfished out on the bed like a lazy cat, hair flopped over his eyes and utterly naked skin glowing in the lamp light.

"Come on, Nance. Let's see if you can tire me out enough so we can all sleep through the night," he calls and she rolls her eyes as she strips her borrowed sweater off over her head.

"Jonathan was right, you are a brat," she shoots back, and Steve laughs, delighted.

"Like you didn't know that already." Jonathan sidles behind her, sliding his hands over her hips and tucking his fingers into the waistband of her panties. "I bet he's been like this since you met him." Jonathan's long, clever fingers dip down further, brushing through curls to press lightly at her clit.

"He has. Used to try and get me to be late to class so we could make out in the bathroom." She reaches back to loosely wrap one arm around Jonathan's neck. "Sneaking into my room so we could *study*."

She catches Steve's eye, where he's sat up to watch them. "Throwing me into pools to get me up to his bedroom."

She sees the look in Steve's eyes get a little softer, a little more concerned. They don't talk about that night, not really, but she's done with it. She done with trying to forget her first time with him, her first time ever, just because some parts of the story are terrible.

"Nancy's feeling really talkative lately," Steve rasps, and she returns his gentle smile before Jonathan's fingers work lower and dip into her. "Should have heard her earlier, Jonathan."

"Yeah? What you'd two talk about?" Jonathan kisses at her neck, but

directs his words to Steve.

"How good you are in bed." Steve rolls onto his back, and Jonathan slides his fingers out of Nancy and gently pushes her towards him. "And how good you were going to fuck me. God, was she right, Jonathan. Gold stars all around."

Nancy settles on the edge of the bed, running a hand over Steve's chest while Jonathan snorts. "You're ridiculous, you know that?"

"You're too far away," Steve responds and reaches out a hand for Jonathan to join them on the bed. Nancy slides her panties down and kicks them off, guiding Steve to sit up against the headboard before she settles on his lap. She feels more than sees Jonathan sit next to them, blissfully naked as well.

"Is this the part where I rock your world?" Steve says, head lolled back against the headboard as his voice grows more slurred.

Nancy brushes her lips over his, "No, this is the part where we make out until your heat takes over and I can tie you."

"Even better." He's already slipping back under, eyes getting more glazed and hands getting more needy. Jonathan moves to lean up against the headboard next to him, wrapping an arm around his waist. Nancy leans in, pressing full body up against Steve while she kisses him. His hand comes up to cup her breast, his big hands perfectly fitting around it. She grinds down on him, his hard cock like an involuntarily tease of what's to come.

Steve's kiss shifts from passionate to sloppy, and Nancy pulls back to look at him, taking in the empty, hungry look.

"Are you ready for me now, baby?" Steve doesn't respond except for a whine, straining against her hold to try and kiss her again.

"He's good, Nancy," Jonathan says, voice steady. She lifts her hips up off of Steve's, grateful for Jonathan's arm keeping them pinned down while she holds his cock with one hand and sinks down on him slowly. Steve lets out one long keen, hands gripping her on the edge of painful.

"You're sure about this, right? About the- the pills working?" Jonathan's worrying again, free hand drifting up to his mouth to bite at his thumbnail.

"Hey," she says, gently covering his hand with his and pulling it down. "I'm sure. I want to stay not pregnant just as much as you want me to. I started the pills after I presented, they should have had more than enough time to work."

There's still a risk, she knows. Nancy's not an idiot. But she wants this, all the way. Besides, all their bad luck seems to involve the supernatural in some way, so the idea of getting knocked up seems so menial in comparison.

She rocks her hips, feels Steve slide in her. It feels so much better than other times they've had sex. Hotter, true, but also just more connected. Her whole body is attuned to his, locked on to every change in his scent, and with her chest pressed up tight to his, her face is right in front of his.

"You're so beautiful," she murmurs, knowing he won't understand her words, but wanting to say them anyway. And he is, with his pretty cheekbones and full lips, but also with how he responds to them, how he writhes between them.

Jonathan gets his free hand in between her and Steve, working his fingers over her clit. She's grateful for it, she's never been able to come just from having one of them in her, and while Steve's randy and wild for it, he's not exactly very capable of the finesse she needs right now.

"Come on, come on," she chants under her breath, working her hips faster and digging her nails into Steve's shoulders. It helps but doesn't fully quell the urge to claim him, to bite down and make him hers forever. Four more gifts, four more heats, and then they'll have the real commitment. It's not a bond, but she can get to that point.

She comes, curling around Steve and wrapping her arms around his neck. She's so focused on the feeling of her inner walls swelling and locking down on him, of Steve coming *inside her*, that she nearly misses Jonathan's little exclamation of panic as he covers Steve's

mouth with his arm.

"Fuck, I knew we'd have to be worried about us not going feral and claiming him, but I forgot to consider him trying to do the same," Jonathan groans as Steve bites down on his forearm. Jonathan looks up at her and smirks. "Worth it to watch you like that though. I don't think I seen you that focused since our first pre-calc exam."

She's breathing heavily, "Shut up, you nearly cried when you knotted him. Also, no sympathy for the bite. At least he got your arm and there's muscle there. He bit my fucking hipbone."

Jonathan laughs, pulling his arm away and shaking it out. "Even when he's not fully there, he's still causing trouble." He kisses up Steve's neck, pulling both of them to lean against him. "We should do it like this, sometime. Both of us at once."

"We've got to talk it over with him, but fuck, yes." She brings a hand up to rest against Steve's face, yawning. "He's already out, do you think it's bad if I check out for a while too?"

Jonathan chuckles, shaking his head. "You'll be fine, I've got you both."

They do manage to sleep through the night, and the next couple days follow in a similar pattern of sleeping, eating and heavy sex that Steve can't really remember. He knows that heat is supposed to be like, the holy grail for omegas, but it's mostly just- blurry.

He likes the moments in between a lot better; Jonathan cooking and Nancy running her hands through his hair and the two of them joking around with him. The sex is good, if the way he feels after and the way Nancy and Jonathan talk about it is any indication, but he just, sort, blacks out for most of it. It's weird, is all, coming back to himself and feeling Jonathan knotted in him or Nancy tied with him.

He likes sex, and more than that, he likes sex where he gets to know he's making other people feel good. And they won't actually have sex with him until he's under the effects of his heat because they're worried about hurting him, which is good. He knows that it is. He

just wishes they would worry about it less so that he could actually be present for all of it. His heat's winding down now, more sleeping and eating than sex, and he figures it's now or never. And if they say no, well, that'll be okay. He'll have plenty of time outside of heat to be with them. It'll be- okay.

"Hey, so, I've only got a little bit of my heat left," he starts, standing in his kitchen with a bowl of cereal in hand. "And I don't- don't really remember what it's like when my heat's going on. And I was thinking, if you guys are okay with it, maybe we could just- have sex? Before the next wave hits, so I know what it's like with- with everything?"

He scrubs a hand over his neck, doesn't look at them while he waits for their response.

"It might- hurt, if you aren't fully under," Jonathan says cautiously, and Steve shrugs. He's thought about that, but his body's made for this, right? And he won't have the heat pheromones during their ruts, and it'll probably happen then, so this way he'll know what to expect.

"I'm not going to make you guys do anything you don't want, but I know what I'm getting into." Steve looks up at both of them hesitantly. They both look considering, and Nancy and Jonathan share one of those looks where they seem to have a full conversation that Steve can't follow.

"You know, Jonathan and I had an idea of our own," Nancy says casually, moving to dump her bowl in the sink and slinking up to him. "Maybe we can make everyone's wishes come true at once."

"Yeah?" He asks, daring to be hopeful as she smiles at him.

"Yeah, babe."

This- this is better than anything Steve could ever imagine. He's been pressed between the two of them before, cuddling or grinding or just sleeping, but Jonathan inside him with Nancy on his lap, it's heaven. Every one of Jonathan's thrusts pushes him deeper into Nancy, and there's no much skin-to-skin contact it should feel stifling but it drives him wild. And the best part? He's blissfully, blissfully aware for all of

it.

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," he chants into Nancy's shoulder, feels both of them laugh, literally feels it with how close they all are.

"Forgot how noisy you can get," Jonathan says, and his hands slide sweat-slick over Steve sides. "It's a lot more fun."

"Glad," he starts, cutting himself off with a moan when Nancy clenches around him, "to know you like it."

"I think this is the greatest idea we've ever had," Nancy says, stuttering around the words. Her fingers thread through Steve's hair, yanking at the strands the way he likes, and Steve agrees with her.

"I'm close," Jonathan warns, and Nancy nods with him. Steve forces himself to relax as much as possible, feeling Jonathan's knot start to catch. It's weird, at first, and the stretch burns more than he expects the bigger it gets, but it's amazing.

"Breath through it," Nancy advises, and Steve tries to do what she says. Jonathan's coming in him, hot and strangely familiar although he was never actually aware of it happening before. It's already overwhelming, but then Nancy locks down around him, and suddenly he can't breath through it at all.

He whites out, too much sensation but in the best possible way. He's talking, he realizes, as he slowly regains awareness of his surroundings, just an endless stream of 'I love you' and 'I need you' and other things that should be embarrassing but pale in comparison to the fact that he's crying. A fact he only notices because Nancy keeps trying to subtly wipe his tears off before Jonathan can see them, but Jonathan already has and he's back to worrying and Steve really loves his alphas but they're so ridiculous sometimes.

Which- is a little hard to make seem like a reasonable thought when he's currently crying because of amazing sex but this is a first time occurrence, they're always like this.

"I'm fine, I'm- I'm more than fine, Jesus, I can't even explain how

good I feel right now, because of both of you," he's babbling, but he's never been great with words and he just wants them to know that they haven't hurt him or anything. Yeah, the stretch is still there and it should probably be more uncomfortable how tightly Nancy's clenched down on him, but he's elated.

"Thank you, thank you so, so much," he says, still trying to get his message across, and Nancy pets at his chest, his arms.

"You don't need to thank us, we're just as happy as you are," Nancy coos. Jonathan cuddles into his back, and for the first time in almost two years, Steve feels completely and totally okay.

Author's Note:

comments appreciated as always! they help me figure out if you guys like this and what you might want more of!